DUDE

THE MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PLEASURE • NOV. 50c

Richard Brooks On Cinema Censors and Sexpots • Fun Fashions for Fall • Europe's Nouvelle Plague: Sick Comedy • Bosoms: The Shape of Things to Come • Evan Hunter • John Novotny

RALLY 'ROUND THE DUDE, BOYS!

YOU'RE ON THE STARTING LINE . . . **THE DUDE** IS YOUR ROAD MAP TO A LAND OF SHEER ENTERTAINMENT — GIRLS, SPORTS CARS, COMEDY, FICTION,

FIGURE by Jon Corbino, Exhibited Chicago Institute of Art. Washington School of Art Collection.

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370,000 American firms buy artwork of all types

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According to statistics compiled recently, 370,000 American firms buy commercial art, not counting the thousands of individuals who personally buy other kinds of artwork. Page 29 of our free book gives you a "breakdown" of art-buying sources.

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SOUND ON

Tijuana, the returning tourists say, is a cheap, tinny town with a heart of coin, where anybody can do anything (usually with somebody's sister) for little more than a quarter. Charlie Mingus, feeling blue some time ago, chose this "wild and controversial border town" for a short fling to chase his personal bad demons away, and his latest record, Tijuana Moods *(Victor 2533 s), is a musical evocation of that Odyssey. Mingus attempts, with the help of Clarence Shaw, trumpet, Curtis Porter, sax, Jimmy Knepper, trombone, and a strong rhythm ensemble, to recreate certain sounds that stayed with him. He's quite successful in a couple of cases, but where he goes into mood and feeling, tenuous subjects for any musical group, the material gets rather subjective. The real test for programmatic music is to hear it without first seeing the liner notes. This record, at its best, might just pull a passing grade. Just judging it as music, however, it's a fine collection of sounds.*

Record companies tend to go along with what they've got, until one of them introduces something new—and registers high in the listings with it. Then every other company rushes out to develop a competing item and cash in on the fad. Vanguard issued two successful records of Joan Baez, and its example was quickly followed by Prestige with Bonnie Dobson and Elektra with Joan Collins. Now Columbia has issued Carolyn Hester's *first record (8596 s). Miss Hester fits the fad well. She's young and attractive in an unscrubbed way, plays a good guitar, and gives the feeling that she's learned her country music in a slick, city atmosphere. She does a varied program of spirituals, Spanish-sounding songs, and sweet, lyrical ballads. The material is handled well, but her voice, at its highest, becomes almost cloyingly sweet . . .*

Last spring large ads in all the dailies trumpeted forth the arrival of Culture to television, in the form of Stravinsky's Noah and the Flood. *Most of those who had the bad fortune to watch the program have surely recovered by now. But for those with whom the nightmare still lingers, take heart in an exciting, new record, issued by London (25331 s). It's called* Noye's Fludde, *and the piece, derived from medieval texts, is by England's Benjamin Britten. As dense and pretentious as the Stravinsky production was, this one is simple and charming . . .*

A variety of interesting jazz sounds are put together by an unusual combination of instruments in Blue Note's Grantstand *(4086). The disc is built around Grant Green's guitar, with Yusef Lateef (tenor sax), Jack McDuff (organ) and Al Harewood (drums) weaving in and out with harmonies and rhythm. A pleasant respite from the frequent shrillness of modern jazz . . .*

If a contest is ever held to choose the most "inside" musical joke ever perpetrated, the concerts of Florence Foster Jenkins will have to win the prize. Miss Jenkins was one of those charming dowagers who, though not gifted with an overabundance of talent, liked to sing and knew how to rent a concert hall. What is amazing is that her well-intentioned clinkers and unreached high notes attracted sellout audiences (once, even at Carnegie Hall). And even more amazing, these audiences didn't come to laugh. Attendance was hip . . . it was the thing to do. Even the reviews next day played it straight. Well, this gag is now etched on an LP, The Glory (????) Of The Human Voice *(Victor 2597), and it's backed by an even more hilarious collection: a Faust travesty sung (????) by Jenny Williams and Thomas Burns. Your first reaction to the record will be irritation. But let it grow on you . . . there* was *something, perverse as it may be, that attracted those audiences . . .*

Rowdy is the word for the first record of Dave Guard & The Whiskeyhill Singers *(Capitol 1728 s). The group sings most of its songs as if it were trying to announce its arrival on the scene by sheer dint of volume and speed; but the record's one saving grace is Judy Henske's performance of "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out." The three male Whiskeyhills should let this deep-voiced girl get out front more often . . .*

Philip Roth's Epstein *is a moving, humorous and occasionally ribald story that captures, as much of Roth's work does, the essence of American middle class Jewishness. Larry Storch gives a fine reading of the work, effectively handling all the nuances of dialect, and playing narrative against dialogue as if he had more than one voice. Lively Arts 30005 . . .*

(*turn to page* **60**)

IN YOUR HAT

Constant Reader whom, I trust, you all know personally, often comes up with a bit of prose as provocative as an editor can buy for his magazine. Latest case in point is the epistle from P.B. of Buffalo (printed in "Hue and Cry"). Mr. B., taking issue with my use in a recent *Dude* of the word 'diddle' in place of a four-letter Anglo-Saxonism, gives an example of how perfectly good words disappear from polite language due to, you might call it, linguistic erosion. There are other examples he could have cited.

Have you recently been directed to a 'comfort station?' Of course, you might be much bolder and call it a 'toilet' (derived from the French for cloth)—or a *bath*-room.

'Behind,' 'backside' and a variety of words are used to describe what is sometimes a quite beautiful part of the body. The genteel call it a *derriere* (but Webster's Collegiate still hasn't got around to listing that, though the dictionary does contain more obscure French words, like *mouchoir.*) Just what did our linguistic forefathers call it? The closest I can figure is the word derived from Anglo-Saxon *assa*—and that's really a donkey.

Of course, you might take the position that modern constructions like 'make love' are as good as the pre-Chaucerian word. But have you ever found a word that describes the female sexual organ as well as the word we all know—and won't say?

However, I am much more amused by some of the tricks of *reverse* English erosion. Keep your ear open and notice how many so-called unacceptable words tend to creep *back* into polite language without people realizing it. Like 'punk' (which didn't always mean 'bad little boy'), or the verb in 'all balled up' (yes, Charlie, you guessed right), or 'petard' as in "hoist by his own" (look it up; I'm embarrassed to tell you).

More about reverse—or bawdy—English another time. . . . n.l.

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IN THE MOOD
by Joe Marx

For those who like to sing for their suppers, and for those who prefer to open their mouths only to put something into them, there is a place called Asti's, on 12th Street just east of Fifth Avenue in the upper reaches of New York's Greenwich Village where the eaters, drinkers, listeners and help all seem to have a fine time. The fare is hearty Italian, the decor pleasant American, the entertainment musical. This is furnished by a small staff of professionals who also double as waiters, bartenders, etc., and by the patrons, many of whom are singers on a busman's holiday. One of the regular features is the Anvil Chorus as rendered by the guests and staff, with the latter pitching in with anything available —the bartenders hitting selected glasses and bottles, the waiters pounding the nearest tables, and even the cashier hitting her lamp stand with a pencil.

A new eating place, and a very nice one, too, has opened in the plush Imperial House at 69th and Lexington, called, royally enough, the Regal. An airy, well-decorated, roomy place, it is larger than it seems from the entrance, going back to overlook the garden that is part of the Imperial House entrance. The food is French-American, ditto the service. Their baked clams are a specialty, and so is a shrimp, lobster and scallop kabob, but don't get the idea this is a sea-food restaurant; it's fine on beef and fowl.

After ten, the restaurant becomes an ice-cream parlor, with a menu of deserts with fancy names. Each item is so large and elegant looking that everyone's first reaction is that he can't possibly finish it. But most people manage to, with evident pleasure.

Those diehards who have been complaining for years about the disappearance of the old-fashioned burlesque show can stop kicking and go to the Alvin Theatre to see "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," which is billed as a musical comedy based on the plays of Plautus. It's a rough-and-tumble musical farce, and it's doubtful if the old Roman would recognize anything in it as his. George Abbott directed it, which means the pace never lags.

"A Funny Thing, etc." stars Zero Mostel as a slave who wants to be free. Hero, his master, wants to marry Philia, the beautiful girl in the brothel next door, who is being saved for another, and will free Zero if he can arrange it. There's a lot of wild action on stage, a bunch of beautiful courtesans showing off with little on, while Mostel, Jack Gilford, John Carradine and others do fine jobs. The girls are spectacular. Nobody ever gets to the Forum, but a line forms to get to the box-office. Shown here are Gloria Kristy, Lucienne Bridou, and of course, Zero.

And those movie-goers who have been complaining about the dearth of old-fashioned adventure films should enjoy the new Alec Guiness epic, "H.M.S. Defiant," made in the "Bridge on the River Kwai" mold. "Defiant" wasn't shot for the symbol-clashers but for people looking for outright entertainment without any arty frills. Guiness plays to the cutlass hilt a British naval captain of the Napoleonic era.

Not exactly Empire in style, but a pleasantly formal eating place is the new El Borracho on East 53rd Street. We say "new" because there was an earlier one on 55th Street, famous for its "Kiss Room" which used the imprint of two lips as its trademark. The new one has no such gimmick—just an extremely pleasant, intimate dining room and bar, an excellent chef, good food and fine, unobtrusive service. El Borracho serves dinner until a late hour, which is handy if you're in the mood for an after-dinner-hour dinner, instead of the drink and sandwich or snack you find as your only choice in many places.

Another lunch-and-dinner standby that has moved to a new location is Due Mondi (Two Worlds) now on 40th Street, in the Grand Central area. It is run by Vincent Ranellini and Neal Glauda, who had the Madison Mario on 57th Street for years, but had to move when their place was demolished to make way for new buildings. Generally, Vincent, a master chef, keeps his eye on the kitchen, while Neal does the same for the comfort and convenience of the customers. Due Mondi is a very pleasant place, the food and service are excellent, and sometimes Vincent, who has a fine, trained voice, comes out of the kitchen long enough to sing and get some customers to put down their knives and forks and raise their voices.

Dear Dude:

Your magazine seems to be getting better all the time. Frank Sinatra's comments on celebrity censorship (July, 1962) made the most interesting article I've read anywhere this year.

H.P.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear Dude:

I want to congratulate you on the fine pictorial coverage of Miss Mickelson of the Crazy Horse Cafe. During my recent tour of duty with the military, I ran into the Crazy Horse by accident while strolling off course from the Arc of Triumph.

The club had more to offer than all of Pigalle combined. The talent of the Finnish charmer Miriam Mickelson along with the rest of the local atmosphere was great. However, I really dug a Haitian doll with the singular name of Pascalina. A sequence of her act in the illustrious pages of **Dude** would boost circulation and insure my continued loyalty. With hope and anticipation of a Pascalina coverage, I remain a loyal reader.

Kirk Levene

Ed. Glad to have your loyalty. Now if you'll just sign this oath to that effect. . .

Dear Dude:

A tip of the old topper to Don Luftig of WINS on his well-written rebuttal concerning your "Radio Wasteland" (March, 1962) article.

Clark Weber
"East of Midnight"
Station WLS
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Dude:

Your May issue is tight as a drum and solid as a rock. Not a dull page. Like the idea of one good girl, continued.

Larry Harding
Reno, Nevada

Dear Dude:

An ardent fan of your magazine devoted to pleasure, I have read your "In Your Hat" section of the March, 1962 issue, and in it you ask if readers hear any other good "knock-knock" jokes to send them in. Well, although: 1) this letter may be very informal, and 2) this joke a little bit in the past, I thought I'd send it in anyway. I mean, like, why not?

"Knock, knock."
"Who's there?"
"Cash."
"Cash who?"
"What are you, some kind of a nut?"

M. F. Szakaly
U.S.S. **F. D. Roosevelt**

Dear Dude:

Your March editorial on the "knock-knock" jokes raises some etymological speculations which you may be unaware of.

In your second joke you use the interesting word "diddle." This appears to be a substitute for a well-known, one-syllable Anglo-Saxon word. I commend you for sparing the delicate sensibilities of your readers by making timely use of the euphemism "diddle."

The thing of it is, though, that the word you were avoiding is itself a euphemism. Down through the ages, in talking about the sex act, people desirous of sparing each other's feelings have persistently sought for the gentler word. But when a word is chosen as an appropriately genteel substitute for the word thought to be harsh or "dirty," a strange thing begins to happen to it. In the course of a generation or so the **new** word becomes "dirty" in the opinion of most users, and still another word has to be sought.

This is true not only for words for the sex act. Certain callings widely held to be menial are the beneficiaries of a perpetual search for a name that will fall gently upon the ear. Thus "janitors" became "superintendents." But the process I have described above went to work, so that "superintendent" came to sound harsh to people, and now "superintendents" are "maintenance custodians."

From all this we learn a great truth: the connotation of a name does not change the nature of a thing, but the nature of a thing determines the connotation of its name. Not only would a rose smell as sweet if called by another name, but if that other name were kvetch, that harsh-sounding word would ultimately acquire connotations of beauty and sweetness.

Getting back to the standard Anglo-Saxon word, you will not be surprised to learn after this dissertation that it, too, was once a "clean" and pleasant word which meant, to the Anglo-Saxons of the eighth century A.D.—irony of ironies— "to beat or knock."

So what do you think is going to happen to the word "diddle" in another generation?

P. B.
Buffalo, New York

Ed. That gives us a new version of our joke:

"Diddle, diddle."
"Who's there?"
"Knock."
"Knock who?"
"Knock whom, stupid."

Dear Dude:

The **Kama Sutra** (June, 1962) indeed sounds like the greatest how-to manual ever written. A helluva lot better than these modern "marriage manuals" with their cold-blooded clinical information and their hideous diagrams. One thing Vatsyayana knew that many of our modern writers on sex seem not to know: that sex should be beautiful and can be fun.

I hope to see a return to those thrilling days of yesteryear.

I think **Dude's** reports on otherwise-unavailable books like **Fanny Hill** and the **Kama Sutra** are terrific.

J. C.
Casper, Wyoming

The rising executive's double bed now has room for three: the

Men! Do you hunger for money, power and success? Do you dream of a top-level job with stock options, open-ended expense accounts and cute little executive sweets to sit on your lap and . . . uh . . . take dictation?

Then be careful whom you marry! Soon your advancement may depend more on your wife's social graces than on your own ability and hustle!

Absurd, you say? I thought so too, until I saw this headline on the front page of the *New York Times:*

NAVY TO GRADE
OFFICERS' WIVES
AS A KEY TO
HUSBANDS' CAREERS

The story pointed out that the State Department has been doing this for years, but that the Navy was the first military service actually to put the evaluations on the officers' records.

A follow-up story quoted a congressman as saying, "I've heard of this sort of thing being done in private business, but not in the military. I'm not sure it's any of their business."

Get the first drift, fellows? All the bureaucracies from Maine to Caracas are tooling up to put the peek on our private wives. "His and hers" application blanks are only the opening salvo. Why, in a few years . . . but read this brilliant playlet that I found in my typewriter after a seance in which we manifested Dean Swift. Only the innocence has been changed to protect my name.

ACT ONE

The living-dining-rumpus area and breezeway in the modified split-level of Thruster Straightarrow and his wife Heidi. At rise, Heidi, clad in a Borgana coat and panty girdle is doing a Martha Graham to Sounds of Sebring. *Thruster bursts upon the scene.*

THRUSTER: I'm being *promoted* to Nineteenth Assistant Proconsul at the Lucite Tower! Kiss me, kiddo! Today I am an *executive!* One more step up the ladder and I'll have an office without a desk!

HEIDI: (*pausing in her idolatrous dance—imperious, stork-like*) Does that mean we'll have a bigger income to live beyond?

THRUSTER: Absolutely, doll-baby. I get genuine linoleum on the floor and $4.00 more every week.

HEIDI: How much is that in charge accounts?

THRUSTER: Quite a bit. But there's this tiny flea in the ointment.

HEIDI: (*kissing herself in the mirror*) You know I can't do riddles. What gives?

THRUSTER: They're going to check on *you.*

HEIDI: Pooh, what's that! They make a few midnight visits to the neighbors, pump the family doctor, run a spot check on the children's morals . . . I've always passed before.

THRUSTER: 'Fraid this is a bit more full-dress, honey—Rorschachs, scopolamine, depth interviews with your kindergarten teacher—it takes six months and costs fifty thou' but they feel it's worth it to weed out the lesbians and nail-biters. Kinda makes me proud that the Lucite Tower should be so interested in my little wife . . .

HEIDI: (*fragilely*) 'Wollickers, that's scary. S'pose they ask me what Lucite Tower *makes?*

THRUSTER: You don't *know?* My own wife doesn't know what my company makes!

king, his queen and . . . the prime minister in charge of personnel.

HEIDI: Well?

THRUSTER: Oh, they make lots of things . . . uh . . . you know, some kind of electrical widget that's either a governor for power mowers or a detonator for N-bombs . . . and a hydraulic whozis that . . . Hell's bells woman, I'm no engineer!

HEIDI: . . . and you know, I'm a rebel. Why I not only serve breakfast coffee at night—I serve espresso at breakfast!

THRUSTER: Now that everybody is subscribing to *McCall's,* you're *canceling!* But the Lucite Tower won't mind these little rebellions. They like broad-gauge husband and wife teams and. . .

HEIDI: (*aside*) *Broad* is right! If he but knew the truth about my past, he'd be less sanguine. (*to Thruster*) Oh, I don't know, Thruster darling. Maybe you should refuse the promotion.

THRUSTER: (*flabbergasted*) Wha-refuse-can't-be-serious-*unthinkable!*

HEIDI: (*quickly*) I don't care if you never make more than $20,000 a year. Daddy came of pioneer stock and he taught me to make do. We'll serve shad roe instead of caviar but our lives needn't be mean and small. Isn't the important thing *self-fulfillment?* Take up writing *haiku.* Play the flute. . . .

THRUSTER: Infernal poppycock, woman! When I was young, it snowed every day and I stood with my nose flattened against lighted windows, watching florid people gnaw on drumsticks. Now I mean to become a man of substance so I can sit wiping chicken gravy off my trembling little chins and see other ragged urchins starving in the snow! That certainly makes sense, doesn't it? So you see, I *must* become an executive!

HEIDI: All right, Thruster Straight-arrow, go ahead, let them investigate me. But tell me this: what is an executive that you should so wish to be one?

THRUSTER: An executive, Heidi, is . . . well, you might say he's an ordinary fella with a big job to do. What is an executive, Heidi? He's a grin in the hall, an elevator shoe on the desk, a splash in the steno pool, a line of gobbledygook at the stockholders' meeting, a monogrammed thermoflask full of vodka. He's you and me and everybody, only grown a little taller, a little plumper, a lot richer. An executive is a bird named Fred. (*Reprints of "What is an executive, Heidi?" beneath a steel engraving of Chicago's famed Tribune Tower may be obtained through your local lumber yard.*)

HEIDI: All right, Thrust, try for the promotion! If my past gets you fired, what difference will it make! We'll get along . . . (*Musical sting. She bursts into song.*)

Love . . . love will paper the walls!

THRUSTER: (*in a trilling falsetto*)

Love will pay all the bills!

DUET:

Love will carry out the garbage, boil up the cabbage. . .

Love, love . . . and sex, with its attendant thrills!

THRUSTER: Oh, what will become of us when the Lucite Tower checks into our effectiveness as a husband and wife team? (*Both turn and jete into wings.*)

ACT TWO

The inquisitorial chambers of the Lucite Tower. Aside from a small statue of Pavlov, it resembles any executive suite: watercolors of sailboats, a glass wall streaming with sunlight, canned birdsong at the thres-

satire . . . **CHARLES H. KING**

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BURGESS

hold of audibility. The Grand Inquisitor ("Confidential Pal" is his actual title) is Bruce Trenchant, a fat, jolly man with just a trace of a studied lisp. His tie clasp is shaped like a tape recorder and each cufflink is a tiny hypodermic executed in platinum. He is reading aloud from a dossier in tones of poisonous unction. Heidi, in spanking new hat, veil and white gloves is visibly straining to look PTA. Thruster leans against an ivory spinet in the corner, braced for the coming storm.

BRUCE: . . . and in your lower upper year at Miss Clench's School, you necked with Princeton boys and washed your hair in dead beer. At Smith you kept a goat in your shower stall and danced the Texas boogie without a corset. After college you attended certain parties in New York featuring pot, skin flicks and readings from the *New Republic.*

THRUSTER: Heidi . . . can this be true?

HEIDI: All the bright young flappers in my set did those things! Why, you act as if smoking pot were against the law!

THRUSTER: I gave you the best years of my life, only to find that you're soiled . . . soiled! Why didn't you think of me and the children before you went ahead and had a past like that?

HEIDI: (*stung*) I would have married Sears Lowell-Alcott IX if he hadn't fallen out of the Eliot House bell tower the night he made A.D. The doctors were so struck by his albinism they didn't notice his hemophilia till it was too late . . .

THRUSTER: (*bitterly*) Is this what I struggled for all those years, pressing my pants under the mattress, studying cost accounting at night, reading every title in the Modern Library on the BMT subway, sewing epaulets on my father's uniform when he came to visit me at work so people wouldn't see he was a street cleaner. . .

HEIDI: Let's not have a recital of your tacky little humiliations. After all, *Daddy* (*turn up birdsong, then under*) started in the mailroom—and it took him just eleven years to become president of the company! Yes, *Daddy* (*birdsong up, then under*) had to work hard all his life—but he's practically a Renaissance man: plays the electric organ, shoots twenty-three at skeet, has the largest collection of bulldog aquatints in the state. And *Daddy* (*birdsong*) doesn't neglect his work for his cultural pursuits either. He visits that company every month whether the Communists in the shop are striking or not. And you know, the company is almost as big as it was that day in 1931 when Grandfather pulled him out of the mailroom and made him president.

THRUSTER: Your daddy divides his time between mauling his gal Friday in a midtown harem and crushing gophers with his golfmobile.

HEIDI: How dare you! You gutter-snipe, you prole. . .

BRUCE: (*interrupting her remorselessly*) One night, just after reading Wedekind's *Spring's Awakening* you gave yourself to Michael Moon-Ming, an itinerant washboard player left over from the Dixie revival.

HEIDI: His touch was like dry fire.

BRUCE: He was succeeded by Goomba Vitonelli, a waiter in a *trattoria.*

HEIDI: He taught me what it means to be a woman.

THRUSTER: But you're not supposed to know!

BRUCE: Then you took up with Ziggie Napalm, a dice-hustler and race track tout.

HEIDI: (*judiciously*) He was manic but nice.

BRUCE: And then there was Rock Tradewind.

THRUSTER: Rock Tradewind? That's a man's name?

HEIDI: (*hugging herself*) And what a man! They should bottle his way with women. They'd get rich!

THRUSTER: Not a bad product idea. (*with mounting excitement*) Lucite Tower could set up a subsidiary to make it. We'd take vitamins and U. S. certified artificial fruit flavors, blend them into chicken fat, pack it in mason jars and call it *Lover!* I see a strong sales campaign backed by match-book advertising and skywriting. I'll memo D.T. in the morning . . . What am I saying?

HEIDI: All you can think of is your rotten job!

THRUSTER: Well, why didn't you tell me about all those men you knew before we were married?

HEIDI: Because I had the silly idea you'd never marry me if I did.

THRUSTER: You were right!

BRUCE: Wait, there's more!

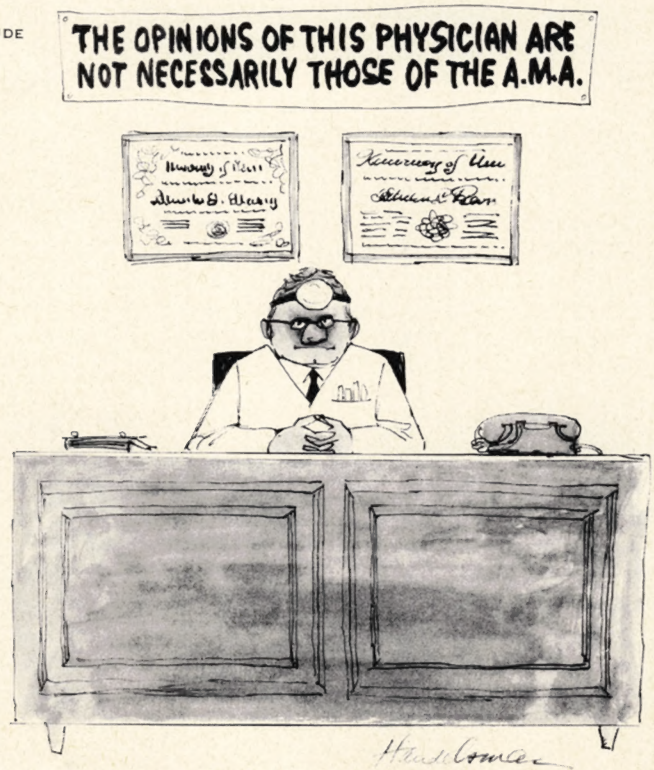
THRUSTER: I've heard enough!

BRUCE: *You've* heard enough! I like that! *I'm* the one who's judging your wife's effectiveness as a member of the husband-wife team. Now there are six more names on this list. . .

HEIDI: (*counting on her fingers*) No kidding? Who am I forgetting?

BRUCE: Tiger Kackinthal?

THE DUDE



HEIDI: Well, if you're going to count *him*. . .
THRUSTER: What difference does it make? We're in mass statistics already.
HEIDI: In any case, I've flunked. Thruster doesn't get promoted.
BRUCE: On the contrary. You fit all the norms rather nicely. The median number of premarital affairs for executives' wives is seventeen, but we won't hold you up just cause you're a little low.
HEIDI: (*too angry to think*) But I'm not a typical businessman's wife! I'm a nympho, an hysteric, a secret drinker, a compulsive shop-lifter! I go on crying jags, I save tinfoil, I wear mail-order flimsies. . .
BRUCE: (*yawning pointedly*) Yes, of course, dear Heidi, you're an ordinary suburban lady in every respect. We know all about you.
HEIDI: No you don't! For I have a secret place inside me that's never been touched! No, not by the nagging routines of housewifery, nor by the narrowness of a million bridge evenings, nor yet by Thruster's materialism. It's a vision of human life as a wild untrammeled adventure. And of the earth as a pagan island of joy, a guiltless Eden. . .
BRUCE: . . . and yet you married Thruster Straightarrow! Now you stand before me in your funny little hat, here in the Lucite Tower and say that you're not one of us!
HEIDI: I'm not . . . *not* . . . do you hear!
BRUCE: (*softly*) Then what are you doing here?
HEIDI: I . . . that is . . .
BRUCE: Your guiltless Eden is *rotten* with remorse. Your pagan island is a vacant lot full of weeds and newspapers and broken glass. You've passed the test, Heidi Straightarrow. The Lucite Tower loves you.
THRUSTER: But *I* don't! When I was a boy, my father, the street cleaner, told me there were only two kinds of girls. That hasn't changed.
HEIDI: But Thruster, darling. . .
THRUSTER: Don't darling *me*, you . . . you *existentialist!* I want a divorce! (*General consternation reigns as the curtain falls.*)

ACT THREE

The Straightarrow living-dining-rumpus area and breezeway again.

"Do you have to broadcast it? I'm not even married."

The Straightarrow children, manly Daryll and laughing Allegra, have drawn chalk marks on the floor and are playing hopscotch as their parents rush in.
HEIDI: Daryll, darling—and you too, what's-your-name, your daddy has a wonderful surprise! He's throwing us out in the street! Doesn't that make you feel extra secure?
THRUSTER: How dare you turn my daughter against me. Allegra, princess, come to daddy! (*She rushes to him with a glad cry.*)
MANLY DARYLL: You're well rid of him, Heidi. And this means we'll be traveling too much for school.
HEIDI: Oh Daryll, *how* you take after your *grandfather!* Always so practical. What would I *do* without your support? Of course, I'll buy your texts and teach you everything you're now learning at Knotty Pine Country Day. Let's see, your subjects are. . . .?
MANLY DARYLL: This year it's brainstorming, fingerpainting, round dance and ventriloquism.
LAUGHING ALLEGRA: (*sobbing*) Divorce! But why, why . . .?
THRUSTER: You'll see it anyway when I paint it on the side of the house, so I might as well scream it at you now. Your mother is a tramp!
MANLY DARYLL: (*echoing*) Your mother is a tramp! Is that a song title or the bitterest thing a child ever heard?
HEIDI: Children, today your father sacrificed his family on the altar of success.
LAUGHING ALLEGRA: (*transfigured by an inner light*) Since the ordination of things, woman was fickle, man ambitious. (*She takes a wax orange from a bowl of real ones and holds it up.*) What is the earth but an orange? What is the corporation and the package suburb but the best way for fickle woman and ambitious man to live upon that orange?
THRUSTER: (*weeping openly*) The child is right! If you're good enough for the Lucite Tower, Heidi darling, you're good enough for me!
HEIDI: Oh Thruster, it's as Bruce Trenchant said. I wouldn't be here if I didn't belong!
THRUSTER: *Belonging!* That's all that really counts!
MANLY DARYLL: Yippee! Now we needn't disrupt our routine! (*With great ceremony, the family join hands and begin hopping around the hopscotch squares.*)
ALL: (*chanting*)
Hour by hour
Hour by hour
We're becoming one
With the Lucite Tower
Sin by sin
We enter in
Sin by sin and wrong by wrong
Hear our song . . . hear our song
(*As they hop, the ceiling and back wall fade away to reveal the night and the pitiless stars.*)

pictorial essay

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

GAL FRI-TO-MON FOR YOUNG MAN ON THE MOVE. Diversified duties. Must be attractive, poised, skilled. Xpd. in dealing with friendly, individualistic, worldly, predatory, tough, virile men. Should be enthusiastic yachtsgirl, have full time job as secretary to stockbroker. Preferred ht. 5-7, wt. 123, other measurements

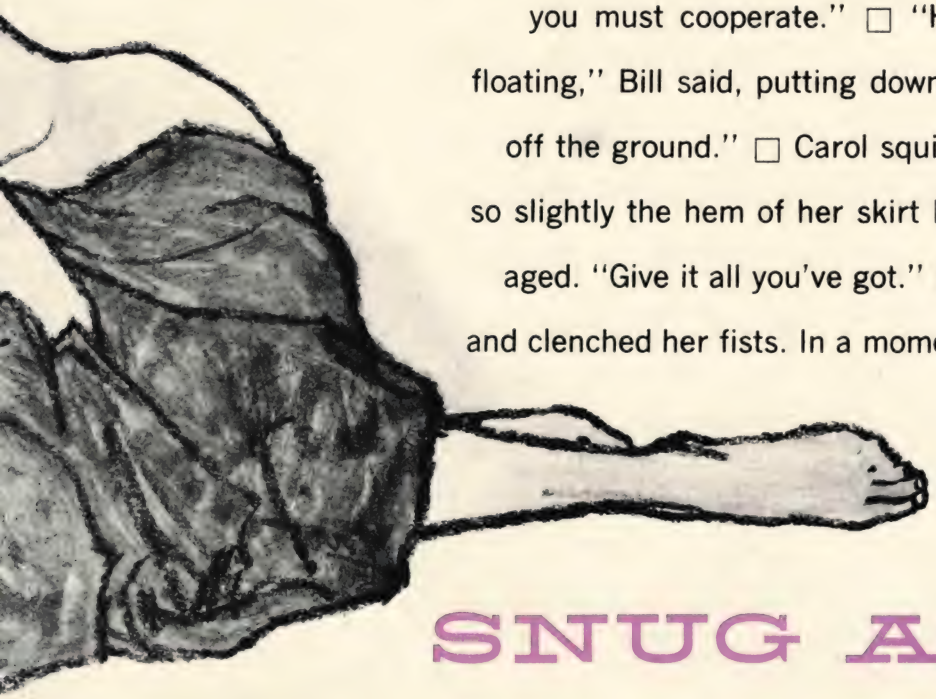
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL HAMILTON /PRANGE

in prpr. prprtn. Point of origin, Phila., present base, Newport, R.I. Ambitious gal who wants to live good life, make lots of money, but enjoys cooking for a man. No applications but Lynne Vandmar's will be considered.

ILLUSTRATED BY VIC OLSON

A soft flying rug, just large enough for two, has infinite possibilities.

Carol Halsey reappeared a few minutes later. She stopped at the living room entrance, pirouetted and the full, smoky-gray skirt swung out to show long perfect legs. □ "How come everything fits?" she asked. Bill Prentice turned from the picture window with its view of Westport in the distance. □ "I told you I wanted to seduce you," Bill said. The redhead's eyes narrowed. □ "And you plan to use clothes?" □ "Well, actually the clothes are an important part of the scientific experiment you agreed to help with." □ "Wonderful," Carol said, spinning again. "When do we start?" □ Bill hurried over and picked up a small black box which had been standing on the mantle over the fireplace. □ "This is the activator. It's only to start the process," he explained. Carol eyed the lens warily as Bill pointed the contraption at her. □ "If these clothes dissolve you've got a fight on your hands," she told him. □ "Nothing like that," Bill frowned. He pressed a button, held it down for a few seconds, and then released it. "There. Now you must cooperate." □ "How?" Carol inquired. □ "Think about floating," Bill said, putting down the black box. "Try to urge yourself off the ground." □ Carol squinted her eyes and concentrated. Ever so slightly the hem of her skirt began to sway. □ "Good," Bill encouraged. "Give it all you've got." □ Carol Halsey closed her eyes hard and clenched her fists. In a moment the skirt flew up and enveloped her



humor . . . JOHN NOVOTNY

SNUG AS A BUG

arms and head in yards of billowing cloth streaming skyward.

"Up!" Bill yelled. "Up!"

"Damnit!" Carol yelled back, frantically grabbing at the material.

"Up!" Bill urged. Carol pulled some part of the skirt down.

"How high do you need it, Mr. Prentice!" she glared. "No! Don't come any closer."

"I want to help."

"Ha, ha," Carol laughed without humor. "You want to get your hands on these pants!" The skirt billowed up from her fingers and she stamped one foot in anger.

"Don't do that," Bill muttered. "It's distracting."

"Good God," Carol moaned from within the muffling chiffon. "You have the gall to tell me not to do something? If I could see what you're doing I'd probably be horrified. Is that you tugging at my pants?"

"They're doing it themselves," Bill said helpfully. "It may work yet. For heaven's sake, think Up!"

"I'd damn well like to think Down!" Carol said hotly, "except for these pants."

"Don't you feel any lighter?" Bill asked anxiously. Carol still fought the skirt.

"I feel colder," she told him grimly. "But you should be more aware of that than I. Are you taking pictures?"

"Of course not! Are you certain you don't feel lighter?"

"No!"

"Oh, hell," Bill said dejectedly, sinking on the sofa.

"Think Down."

"Not on your everloving life," Carol said.

"They won't fall off," Bill assured her.

"I know," Carol said warmly. "They'll positively zip off! And with this damned thing over my head—"

"They won't!" Bill said angrily. "Can't you think of anything but sex?"

Carol froze in place.

"What else is there to think of when I've been snatched naked?" she asked coldly.

"Down!" Bill said.

Carol forced her arms down and grasped the elastic waist of the little white pants. Ten seconds passed and then the skirt slowly and gracefully descended. Carol's flushed face appeared and she looked at Bill Prentice.

"I would like to go on record," she said calmly, "as saying that was the damnedest experiment I've ever been party to. My coat, please."

Bill forced a fresh drink into her hand. "Sit down, Carol. Please," he pleaded. "It failed."

"You could have fooled me," Carol said. "I thought it was quite successful—from *your* point of view."

"I developed a liquid which, when activated by telepathy, can counteract gravity." Bill explained. "Your clothing was impregnated with the liquid. I had hoped if you concentrated you would be able to—"

"Fly?" Carol asked incredulously. Bill nodded.

"Sort of float anyway," he said. "Even glide around." Carol leaned back and drank deeply. She thought for a moment and then leaned forward.

"Why me? Why not you?"

"I tried that," Bill said flushing. "With painful results. You recall what happened to your skirt?"

Carol nodded and then laughed.

"I'll bet you thought Down! a lot faster than you thought Up!"

"I prefer to forget it," he said selfconsciously. "The damage has been done."

"Oh!" Carol gasped. "I'm sorry."

"No! No!" he said quickly. "Not to me. Just to the experiment."

Two drinks later, Carol snapped her fingers and walked to the bedroom. She returned carrying a blue and coral throw rug.

"Maybe that Aladdin cat wasn't all fiction," she said. Bill chewed on his lower lip.

"It would raise the entire body," he murmured thoughtfully. Carol tossed the rug on the floor and stood on it.

"Up!" she ordered. Her skirt immediately headed skyward.

"Damn!" she said in exasperation.

"You have lovely legs," Bill said. "You forgot that the rug must be impregnated with the liquid."

"Down, down, down," Carol muttered, patting the skirt into place.

"I'll soak it tonight and we'll try it tomorrow," Bill decided. "Let's get some sleep. You take the bedroom where you changed."

The furniture was pushed back against the walls, and the blue and coral rug lay in the center of the big living room.

"Er—would you like to try it first?" Bill queried. Carol frowned.

"Did Glenn offer to let Carpenter ride the cherry picker? He did not!" she said. "Boy, am I glad this isn't on television. I would cringe with shame knowing that thirty million people were watching Bill Prentice chicken out."

"I am being gentlemanly," he retorted.

"Ha!" Carol laughed. "In rocketry, ladies first is not gentlemanly. It's chicken."

"This is not rocketry. I wish you would forget that astronaut kick." Bill gingerly stepped onto the rug and sat down carefully.

"Ten, nine, eight—" Carol intoned.

"That's not necessary," Bill said shortly. He closed his eyes and concentrated. The edge of the rug quivered.

"Hold your breath!" Carol whispered. Bill obeyed. Slowly the little blue and coral rug, complete with passenger, left the floor.

"You're off the pad!" Carol shouted exultantly. The little rug landed with a bump and Bill looked silently at her.

"Sorry," Carol murmured penitently. "You were up." Bill closed his eyes and concentrated again. The little rug rose three inches.

"Go," Carol urged. "Go." Bill went up another three inches.

"AOK," Carol encouraged. Bill and the rug ascended one foot off the ground.

"Made it," he said hoarsely.

"Well," she asked. "Now what? Are you going to hover there all afternoon?"

Bill hunched his shoulders forward; the little rug tilted and slowly headed down. It gathered speed as it lost altitude.

"Turn!" Carol howled. Bill and the rug ran into the baseboard next to the fireplace. Carol darted to his side.

"You crashed," she lamented, holding his head on her lap. "Liftoff was perfect. All systems were go; and then the damned bird ran into the wall. It was horrible."

"It wasn't so horrible," Bill decided. "At least it worked. How high was I when I hit?"

"About three inches," Carol said. "Another foot or so of runway and you would have landed perfectly. But at the speed you were traveling you probably would have burned your

(*turn to page* 30)

article . . . **BOB ABEL**

AMERICA'S BRAND OF SICK HUMOR IS CATCHING EUROPE WITH ITS QUARANTINES DOWN . . .

I have just returned from abroad and am glad indeed to be back on solid ground. Europe, you see—despite the Common Market—is breaking up.

Burdened with an over-healthy economy, the folks over there have lost sight of what grim times these are. Their rationale? A falling out with poor spirits. Sick of communism and colonialism, NATO in the West and nyet in the East, Berlin bluster and Katanga crisis, plastic bombs, super bombs, superstates and superciliousness, Europeans are affording themselves of the simplest palliative—laughter. Once again, for the first time in several decades, they are guffawing instead of gasping—out loud—at the world around them.

Since the good people of Europe have been fighting or preparing to fight for their very lives since the mid-1930s, it is hardly surprising that their sense of humor has been on the weak side—for lack of things fit to joke about. Commenting on the fact that Great Britain's recovery from the war had not included its sense of humor, novelist and essayist Aldous Huxley remarked, around two years ago, that "People are much too solemn about things. I'm all for sticking pins in parochial behinds, and that sort of thing. It seems to me a most salutary experience."

Even more engage was Malcolm Muggeridge, who for five years was editor of Britain's famed humor magazine, Punch. In late 1958 Muggeridge found himself in trouble because he made some mildly intemperate remarks about that solemn institution, the Monarchy. The reactions to his jibes were far from solemn. Recalling them, he wrote some time later that "Slogans in yellow paint have been painted on my house, a clergyman has invited me to personal combat, and the Governors of the British Broadcasting Corporation are still debating whether I am a fit and proper person to be allowed to appear on the television screen." And other indignities: Muggeridge was labeled a "hysterical Communist" by a member of Parliament who wanted the humorist to absent himself from the British Isles, and he was fired by a Sunday newspaper he describes as "not then notable for fastidiousness." In retaliation, apparently, he did cross the Atlantic and spoke his mind many times over on The Jack Paar Show.

Meanwhile, across the English Channel, things weren't much jollier. Presumably the gay Gallic spirit was still evident in the boudoir, but there is no disputing that a good deal of it had been left on battlefields ranging from Indo-China to Algiers. In 1958, the chansonniers, those spoofful songsters whose satirical barbs seem to become sharper in direct proportion to France's crises, were hit by complete censorship of their radio and TV appearances—both mediums being government-controlled—because they had made light of French Prime Minister Debre on one of their television appearances.

Nor was the poor climate for political satire limited to our two World War allies. In sunny Italy, where the political joke once had flourished, the burdens of the past three decades proved too much for this bright tradition. Germany was too occupied with foreign troops and material progress to feed its comic spirit. Within the Soviet bloc, things were as sad as the ideological humor which had to follow the party line or else. In Stalin's day, an irreverent political joke could send an entertainer to prison, and a dark pall had set over the marvelous Russian humor which is part of that nation's distinguished literary tradition. Things got so grim that Premier Khrushchev, after

"Well, George, do I still remind you of your mother?"

attending the circus in late 1958, complained bitterly that "there was not enough mirth nor enough good social satire." The top Soviet clowns were told to stop stealing each other's jokes and were called to Moscow to *learn* to be funny. Presumably the instruction didn't take, for in mid-1960 *Izvestia* was complaining about the lack of comedy in Russia. "Soviet Man," said the official Russian journal, "has a light heart. The affairs in his great household are going magnificently. All this creates a good mood. And a good mood leads people to cheerful harmony, disposes them toward humor and fun. One wishes to laugh, and more than that, to chuckle." Whatever the merits of chuckling over just plain laughing, it is clear that even the Russians have been hungry for the humors of yesteryear. Reflecting this appetite, this joke enjoyed wide circulation in strictly private circles: "*Pravda* is running a contest for the best political joke. First prize is twenty years."

Today, happily, Europe's oversevere sentence to a Siberia of laughter has been commuted, and the freedom to laugh at oneself as well as others is much in evidence. Take our English cousins, for instance. Time heals all wounds, even those to the English ego, and Olde England is merry once more.

For the past year or so, the hottest show in London has been a militant-but-madcap revue called *Beyond the Fringe*. Scheduled to open in New York this fall, England's "biggest hit in years" takes direct aim at those antiquated English ideas which are neither right nor wrong, only meaningless in today's world. The performers of *Beyond the Fringe* are Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore and Alan Bennett, whose combined ages barely top one hundred. Armed with a little music, even less scenery, but a large supply of well-honed malice, this cast of four perfect nuts makes filet mignon of the very same sacred cows who are sitting out in the "SRO" audience.

And that surely, is the most remarkable thing about *Beyond the Fringe*. Its usual audience consists of what one London observer has called "the pacifist masochists—upper-class playboys, debs and duchesses, Tory politicians and armchair bomb-rattlers, floggers, hangers and deport-the-woggers." Although the foursome would like to drive their audience right out of the theater with the force of their satire, they only succeed in drawing the same types back again, those who somehow enjoy seeing their own sacrosanct images butchered in public.

The show, as is traditional in English theater, opens with a rendition of *God Save the Queen*. Automatically the audience rises as one. The pianist seems unsure of himself, and halfway through the regal music he breaks into swinging jazz. The audience sits, no longer sure of *itself*. It's been *had*, although the evening's just begun.

At any given performance, the audience might watch Cook, who looks somewhat like a young Anthony Eden, depict a fuddy-duddy Prime Minister Macmillan explaining in portentous Oxfordian tones, "It's very easy to *sneer*, but it's a jolly sight harder to build the things *at which* to sneer." In another skit, a worried voter asks his Conservative representative what would happen if America makes a "boo-boo" and drops the bomb. "They can't," he is informed. "We have an agreement that they must ring 10 Downing Street first for our okay." Somewhat reassured, the voter asks the M.P. just what the Prime Minister would tell the United States. What indeed? "Oh, he might say yeeeeesss . . . or he may say nnnnnooooo as the whim takes him."

The evening's harshest sketches usually belong to Jonathan Miller, who has been described as a "kosher Fernandel with red hair." Miller touches on Lenny Bruce territory in a skit entitled *Man Bites God*. Playing a jolly vicar who appears on television, Miller confides to his TV flock: "I think we're putting words in God's mouth here." Switching religions instead of costumes, Miller also plays a cool Liberal who tells *his* flock: "Actually I'm not really a Jew. I'm Jew-*ish* . . . I don't go the whole hog." Cook matches this tweaking of Liberals with an effort called *Black Equals White*, which illustrates that political arrogance is not the exclusive franchise of Caucasians. Spoofing Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, who has assumed almost dictatorial powers in that young African nation, Cook explains the Negro leader's political philosophy: "One man, one vote, that is the law of God, especially for the nine million idiots who vote for me."

Another controversial skit—which probably has warmed the cockles of Malcolm Muggeridge's heart—is essayed by Dudley Moore, who portrays a theater-goer who's been to 956 performances of a play he *sim-*

ply despises *sim*ply because he is positive that the Royal Family will have to show up sooner or later. *"Unless,"* he wonders in a fit of pique, *"they're crouching back there* —but then they wouldn't be very *Royal,* would they?"

Last March, Moore got his answer. Queen Elizabeth came to see the show, accompanied by Foreign Secretary Lord Home and the Earl of Scarborough, who, as Lord Chamberlain, is Britain's stage censor. Although each of these notables is a character of ridicule in *Beyond the Fringe*, nothing was changed. Asked by reporters if he hadn't given some thought to the Queen's presence, Cook replied: "We thought the best thing to do was to ignore her, in the politest possible way, of course."

When the night's mayhem is done, three of the malcontents—now satiated with satire—generally journey homeward, but Peter Cook travels over to *The Establishment,* a Soho cabaret in which he has half-interest. Sometimes the others do tag along, since by performing at his club they escape even the slightest taint of censorship.

The most discussed piece of English legislation in recent months has been the proposed Immigration Law designed to restrict non-whites. By way of comment *The Establishment* produced the following skit: Queen Elizabeth arrives at the London airport from abroad and has to be interviewed by Immigration officials. After much dickering, she is refused admission to Great Britain. The reason: she has failed to meet the "job" requirements.

One night a performer poked such strong fun at a group of high-born Conservatives that one young lady forgot her breeding and began heaving hard rolls at him. Similar incidents, even less genteel, happen almost nightly, and it has been necessary on occasion to summon the police to remove members of The Establishment from *The Establishment.* If nothing else, it's one way for Cook and company to drive the audience out.

Like his English counterpart, today's Frenchman is also laughing at himself, if only to keep from crying. The number one comic in France today is a twenty-five-year-old *provocateur* who has found plenty of room at the top for his very special brand of satire. His name is Henri Tisot and his stock in trade is the man at the top—President Charles de Gaulle.

Tisot's talent lies particularly in the area of vocal parody, and this distinctly mild-mannered comedian is able to parrot a de Gaulle speech so expertly that students and other young people become enraged at the sublime cliches being hurled at them, and their elders cluck and sigh and say: "How like our dear General!"

Instead of "auto-determination" for Algeria, Tisot offers "auto-circulation," a nonsense phrase which comments on the sublime illogic of French politics. Tisot would push the immediate "Bardotization" of the French economy and before de-colonizing the French Empire, he would "de-pigeonize" all the Paris monuments. His offbeat humor is so effective that de Gaulle is reported to have given Tisot's hit record—400,000 copies sold—to his grandchildren for Christmas last year.

Tisot's companions in de Gaullism include the afore-mentioned *chansonniers,* a few dozen men who occupy the stages of five or six small Parisian theaters, where they sing out loud what others are barely daring to think. The *chansonniers* are full of alleged de Gaullisms. One example: "To lead France, three are needed—God, myself and the chief prelate." Another quote to quaff, offered some time before the final settlement of the Algerian war: "The Algerian rebels will crumble under the weight of my speeches." And from Premier Michel Debre, this misquoted quip of political insight: "We will not win the war before we bring the conflict to an end."

When the *chansonniers,* whose tradition dates back to the last century, were hit by censorship, they attacked censorship itself:

Straight Man (to *chansonnier* Robert Rocca): "How long before this broadcast did you have to submit

(*turn to page* 72)

"I'm getting fed up with this rat race."

The Female of the Species

Even a black widow's got to have a little fun . . .

I found Arachne sleeping in elm shadows. She was a creature of rare delicacy. Fragile femininity suspended in oblivious innocence. My hands, trembling, uncapped the chloroform container. She inhaled the somniferous vapors, shuddered uneasily, and lapsed into drugged limpness. She did not stir. Nor did she respond when I dropped a dead fly—one I had been saving for just such an occasion—beside her sleeping head.

"Ooooh, a spider!" Thus squealed Miss Rosen.

"A black widow." I tweezered Arachne's insensate form into the ventilated test tube. "My first black widow — and a splendid specimen at that."

The female of the species. Adult, lovely, venomous. A mature, corseted figure—rounded abdomen linked to the cephalothorax by a slim pedicled waist. Gowned in sheer black. A

fiction . . . MIKE McGRADY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VIC GREENE

single beauty mark, a tiny hourglass, emblemized on the underslope of her belly.

We had found Arachne on a wooded bluff overlooking the pebbled beach bordering my wife's Sands Point property. Miss Rosen, the most promising student then enrolled in my Department of Oriental Studies, examined the glass-imprisoned spider with ill-concealed hostility.

"I hate spiders," she announced. "They're so creepy."

Miss Rosen's entomological enthusiasm fell somewhat short of the mark. She sat on a blanket, United States Government Issue, surrounded by a clutter of compact glittering objects: a transistor radio, silver-rimmed sunglasses, a costly Japanese camera, a bottle of sun lotion, an engraved cigarette lighter, two lipstick cylinders. She read aloud from *The Book of Tao.*

The nature of water is that it becomes clear when left alone and still when undisturbed. When it is bottled up and cannot flow, it also cannot remain clear.

"'It is the symbol of heavenly virtue,'" I completed the passage.

"Professor, there are some people on the beach," she said. "A man and a woman."

"Perhaps they failed to see the 'no trespassing' markers."

"They're making love."

"Surely they failed to see the markers."

"Oh, professor, she's horrible!" Miss Rosen said. "She's an ugly old derelict of a woman."

Joining Miss Rosen at the outer perimeter of the clearing, I observed that there were, indeed, a man and a woman on the beach. And they were, indeed, making love.

To this day I am unsure of the young man's identity. His sun-darkened back was matted with haphazard tufts of black hair. He might have been a lifeguard. He might have been a clamdigger. He might have been a strongman for a traveling carnival.

The unclad woman had an advantage of some thirty pounds and an edge of some thirty years over her youthful opponent. Her abdomen protruded jauntily. Her abundant flesh, cloaked with perspiration, was unnaturally white—pale to the point of pellucidity. She might have been an overweight polar bear. She was, in fact, my wife.

"She's horrible!" Miss Rosen repeated. "Did you see *that?* Did you see what she did *then?*"

"That's my wife," I said. "That's Bertine, my wife."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Turning my back on the ludicrous copulative encounter, I felt momentary pity for the young man. He must have cost Bertine a pretty penny.

"How can you just sit there?" Miss Rosen asked. "Your wife is with another man. You must have *some* feeling—jealousy, hate . . ."

"Disinterest."

"But love," Miss Rosen said, "what of love?"

"It is many years since we even paid lip service to that aspect of marriage," I said. "I entered wedlock with the attitude of a starving man joining a breadline. It was an act of absolute economic necessity. A matter of survival."

"You married your wife for her money?"

"Bertine understood that," I continued. "She looked upon marriage as an act of charity. Not unlike lending her name to a new philanthropic foundation; not unlike sponsoring still another untried abstract artist."

"Living without love—it must be terrible."

"Love is a meaningless word," I said. "Man is the only subject in the animal kingdom who must rationalize cohabitation with a word. A word that gives rise to other words—jealousy, hate. Bertine and I have sought disengagement, disentanglement, disinterest. We are never swept away by the scalding hot lava of erupting emotions. It has been an ideal arrangement."

"You could have all that without Bertine," Miss Rosen said. "If you only had her money. Bertine's money without Bertine."

I started to protest but Miss Rosen seemed not to hear. She removed the protective dust shield covering her camera's lens. She set the exposure and focused the camera on the copulating couple below us.

"Oh, no," I said. "Those pictures would cause Bertine no small amount of embarrassment."

"That's precisely the idea," she said.

"I don't understand."

"You will, professor, you will."

As Miss Rosen completed her task I remained silent. Nor did I offer comment during our subsequent walk to the carriage house. Miss Rosen settled herself behind the controls of her miniature red sportscar, then pulled away on the delivery route to the main thoroughfare. The warming wind of early May swept unhindered through the open car, unfurling her hair in splendid disarray, a trailing banner of ebony.

As I continued to walk to the carriage house, Bertine emerged from the old beach trail. Her face was flushed. She smiled her greeting to me and her evident happiness did in no way diminish my own.

"It's a pleasant afternoon," I observed.

"Yes," she agreed, "quite pleasant."

"Did you have a nice walk?"

"Strenuous," she said. "A trifle for one of my age."

"Nonsense," I objected. "You never looked younger."

"Thank you, Obediah," she said. "Will you be dining with me tonight? Or shall I ask the girl to bring something to your study?"

"The study, I think. I've caught another spider, a black widow this time."

"That's nice, dear."

Arachne showed signs of shaking off her slumber as I deposited her in my little entomological vivarium. She stretched each one of the eight hairy legs projecting from that plastic bubble of an abdomen. And no sooner had she righted herself than she began constructing her web.

Tiny spools and spigots, barely visible protrusions on her belly, projected coils of liquid thread. She knitted these mucous membranes into a platform, a base of operations. Stepping out onto this foundation, Arachne then expertly looped out the girders that would support the next level. The skeletal structure, the irregular blocks of sturdy cable, was filled in with walls of a fine silken fabric.

After dropping several dead flies onto this tapestry, I departed for an early bedding.

The following morning Miss Rosen brought an oversized manila envelope to my office in the faculty building. The bulky packet, stamped both *Personal* and *Highly Personal,* was addressed to my wife. It contained twenty-three photographs of a decidedly pornographic nature.

"These pictures are repulsive," I

(*turn to page* 65)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL PERUTZ

"And now a word from our sponsor."

"And now a word from our alternate sponsor."

WASTELAND WATCHWORDS

Television, that flabby bawd, keeps giving birth to cliches. But her brood of bromides can easily be rehabilitated— just by changing the picture.

"I've got a secret."

"You asked for it."

"When you care enough to send the very best."

"That's the news as it looks from here."

"You have temporarily lost your picture."

"Groucho sent me!"

"Will the real Lily Sincere stand up?"

"A low front coming out of the East . . ."

SNUG AS A BUG

(*continued from page* 20)

landing gear pretty badly," Carol said. Bill struggled to his feet.

A few seconds later he was crumpled against the wall again. Carol walked slowly to the disaster site and nudged him with her toe.

"I just had an idea," she said encouragingly. "If the Air Force buys that thing, I'll disrobe completely and climb on your rug, and you may do as you wish. What do you think of that?"

Bill scrambled to his feet and dragged the rug to the center of the room again.

"You're game, all right," Carol said, sitting on the sofa. "May I suggest something?"

"Well?"

"Attach rope to the front corners, like reins," she said. "That mad downhill dash is ridiculous."

Bill found a length of clothesline in the basement and knotted one end around each front corner of the rug. Liftoff was routine. He leaned forward and as soon as the rug gained speed, he reined back. The rug swept up in a gentle arc and hovered again. Bill grinned. Carol clapped her hands and stood up on the sofa. Experimentally he pulled on the right rein and leaned to the right. Gracefully, the coral and blue rug tilted and slid into a gentle turn.

"Yow!" Bill shouted happily as he zoomed behind the sofa. Carol spun to watch him go by, caught a heel in the cushions, and tumbled in a beautiful heap of disarranged clothing, long legs, and laughter.

"Go, man! Go!" she shouted. Bill glanced over to acknowledge her encouragement and forgot to steer. He ran squarely into the back of a leather armchair which had been pushed against the bookcase wall. Slowly he rolled over on his stomach and looked at her. Carol patted her clothes into place and brushed her hair back.

"Do you honestly think there's a chance they may want it?" she asked. Bill nodded. Taking a deep breath, Carol walked to the crumpled carpet and brought it to the center of the room. With little apparent effort, the redhead and the carpet rose to about a five foot altitude and then glided forward. She executed the turns smoothly, losing mere inches of altitude which she made up on the straightaways. Bill watched speechlessly as she circled the room twice and then swept in for a delicate and tasteful landing in the center of the room.

"Do you think they liked it, Bill?" Carol asked as he let her out of the car. Without waiting for an answer she hurried to the front door then turned and watched as he got his keys out. "I'm sure they liked it. I flew perfectly. That colonel couldn't tear his eyes off the carpet."

Bill Prentice opened the door, snapped the wall switch and tossed his briefcase on the liquor cabinet.

"That colonel couldn't take his eyes off *you*," he said, opening the cabinet. "The neat blue coveralls would have been fine for your demonstration flight. When you unzipped them I almost fainted."

Carol hurried to the kitchen for ice cubes.

"I thought a little showmanship would help our cause," she called back. "They all seemed to like my outfit."

"Tight little white shorts and a yellow jersey sweater," Bill said, getting glasses. "My God, what Air Force man wouldn't like that? Except Colonel Thompson didn't even notice your first flight around his office. He just kept grinning at you. When he discovered that you were flying on a carpet he turned white as a ghost."

Carol laughed and dropped ice cubes into the glasses. He splashed Scotch over the ice and Carol added soda.

"When they realized what was happening they got serious," she said. "Oh, Bill, did they like it?" He smiled at her and nodded.

"They liked it. You did a wonderful job," he said warmly.

"When will we hear from them?" she asked.

"Colonel Thompson said in two weeks," Bill said.

"Can you hear me?" Colonel Thompson asked. Bill struggled with the phone as Carol tried to listen, too.

"Fine, Colonel," he said. "You were saying?"

"Well, we call your craft the X-3 and have two of them now," Colonel Thompson continued. "We had a mid-air collision on Wednesday. General T.L. Packer and Major Rip Roberts met at a corridor intersection. Rip has been grounded and Tough Luck—that's what we call Packer off the record—got a beautiful shiner. No serious equipment damage except a frayed right rein. General Packer is formulating air corridor rules. Major Brissell had the X-3 out for an airing and got caught in the rain. Dove right into the Potomac."

"I told you about the formula being water soluble," Bill said quickly.

"Right," Colonel Thompson said agreeably. "No harm done. A chopper hauled Brissell out and we resoaked and activated the X-3."

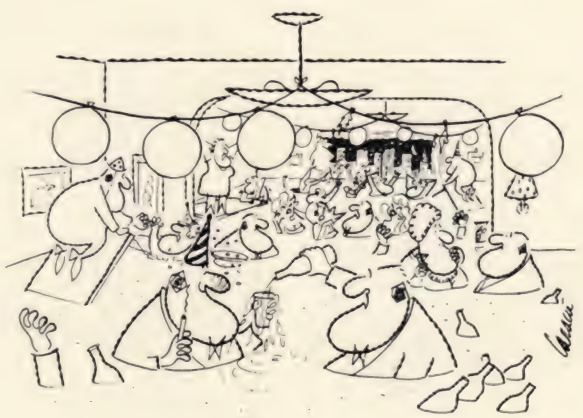
"Good," Bill sighed.

"But we may limit their use to indoors and sunny days," Thompson continued. "There seems to be no actual combat use for the craft. It would be embarrassing to be shot down by a water hose."

"That's true," Bill admitted sadly.

"At the same time they're terrific for getting around this damned Pentagon," the Colonel said. "And there are many of our bases where they would come in handy."

(*turn to page* 49)



"For God's sake, say *when!*"

GO SELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

satire . . . **RALPH SCHOENSTEIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BRANDRETH

A resourceful young adman
named Bligh,
Has a new way
to make people buy.
They may know how to ditch
A terrestrial pitch,
But they can't
keep their eyes off the sky . . .

While Americans are trying to protect their highways from billboard blight a resourceful new company is completing plans to tattoo Mother Nature herself. The Unexcelled Chemical Corporation has perfected a giant movie projector that can show advertisements on clouds, mountains, and dams. Called the Skyjector, this great persuader has ninety-two million candlepower. Mounted on a truck and powered by a generator in a trailer, it can enlarge a flake of dandruff seventy-two million times.

The Skyjector is clearly the ultimate in American advertising. Once the skies become heaven's Yellow Pages, the possibilities for increased sales will be infinitely glorious. For example, a sunrise can finally mean something, especially if the sun is rising on undrained sinuses. And what campaign could have more saturation than one that comes in on a hurricane? You'll remember the right way to clean dentures when a pitch for Prepsodint is punctuated by a thunderclap. If only the preachers had thought of this first, there'd be less Communism today.

The men of Madison Avenue can't wait till the ads roll by, for then every cloud will indeed have a silver lining. Then the whole controversy over billboards will be trivial, for a billboard is a mere postscript compared to a rainbow that dazzles you with the exquisite hues of the Adax Stain Center. What a future awaits the American nature-lover! It's thrilling to imagine the market impact of T.V.'s Miss America on Mount Rushmore.

American life has been building towards such heavenly huckstering. In a movie called Kiss Them For Me, the first thing a sailor hears upon returning to postwar America is a commercial. "Ah," he says, "nothing has changed: everybody's still selling to everybody else." And now, this pitchman's passion has led onward and upward to the Skyjector, with which Whiff can take the worry out of being close on the Milky Way.

This revolutionary process will affect more than just American business: it will also cause a reappraisal of our space program, for an astronaut would not be launched unless clearance has been given by the account executive in charge of the universe that day. Space exploration may even hinder American progress because orbiting objects will distract the consumer's eye from the galaxy of Mr. Immaculate. It might be wiser if we stopped trying to catch the Russians in rocketry and let them try to catch us in what we do best. Let them try to sweeten sour stomachs on the white cliffs of Dover.

Skyjector will even affect romance. One can picture a summer idyl in 1967. Stretched out on the grass of a quiet meadow, a boy and girl gaze in rapture at the sky.

"What a glorious day!" he says with a sigh. "Just lying here and watching those clouds is so sublime. It makes me want to—to be regular again."

"With Goober's Little Pills," she whispers. "Nature's way."

"When I'm out on a day like this, I feel in such harmony with the universe."

"So do I—except that some of my scenery is blurred. Two plateaus are out of focus."

"Don't worry, they're just adjusting the projector. It's a new account."

"Oh, I thought they were changing the mountain."

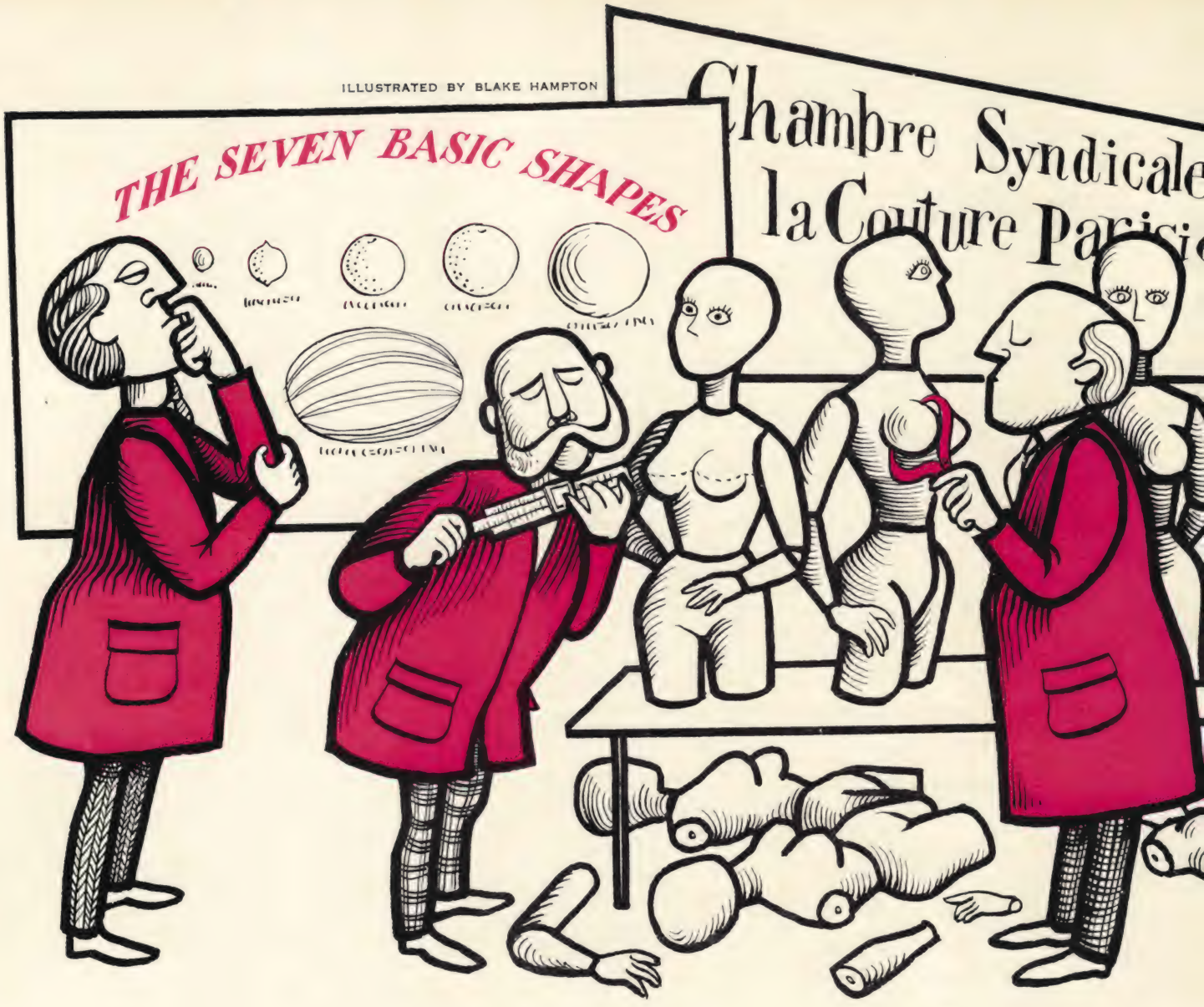
"Not today; they change the mountain every thirteen weeks. But the clouds are new. Do you like them?"

"I love them. They make me feel so heavenly, so Chock Full of Walnuts."

"If only Wordsworth were here to see it! My wash is like a white white rose that's newly bleached in May. As if in snow are all my clothes since I found the Rinsout way."

"At a moment like this, don't you feel there's a grand design—a supreme intelligence — behind it all?"

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

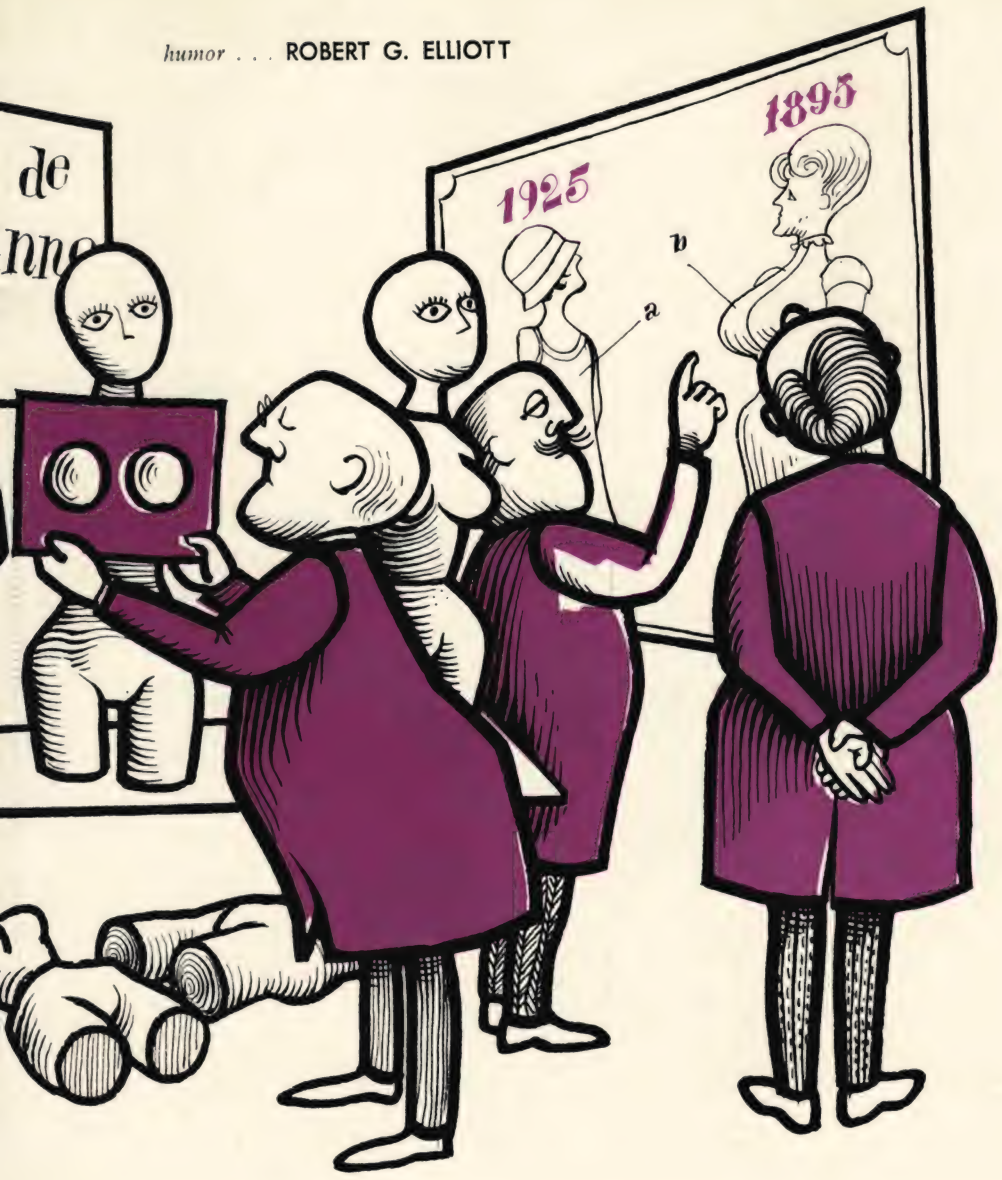


Strolling through the pages of *Harpers Bazaar* and *Vogue* recently, searching for aristocrats, I was jolted out of my usual lethargy by a disturbing discovery: *Haute couture* is still out to get milady. The Parisian designers are still hell-bent on flattening out the American woman fore and aft, and they pursue this course with honeyed words that nonetheless have the relentless drive of a steam roller. Cutting through all the high fashion camouflage, it simply means that the bosom of womanhood is slated to vanish again this season—or, to put it in a less chic manner, she'll be as flat as a pancake.

This revives the old rumor that designers of women's clothes hate women and vent their spleen on them by designing fashions that will make them look ridiculous. Well, that's their business (and a smashing success from the looks of some of the creations they turn out), but I wish that just once they'd consider the men who *don't* hate women before they decide that a pancake or a lath is something to cuddle up to on a chilly night.

Personally, I think *les couturiers* are due for a surprise that will knock the foundations from under their creations, and this bold prediction is based on the fact that the American male has a hysterical sense of worship amounting to a psychotic obsession for the female breast, and The Shape Makers are hip to it, dad, real hip. These brassiere and foundation manufacturers are going all out to keep the bosom up front, and

humor . . . ROBERT G. ELLIOTT



THE SHAPE SHAPERS

NOTE TO COUTURIERS: FLATTENING WILL GET YOU NOWHERE.

their efforts, if you will excuse a small joke, are global.

I reached this conclusion recently after winding up a steamy session with some back issues of one of my favorite journals—*Women's Wear Daily*—in which ads for Cutty Sark unaccountably appear next to Georgia Bullock's announcement of her summer collection. This intriguing little tabloid has a section devoted to brassieres and corsets, and it was in the "International Corsets and Bras" section of several seasons back that they laid down the credo that forever seals the fate of the designers who would leave the American gal sans mammaries, and it goes like this:

"United States foundations have won international reputation and acceptance abroad, but some designs are changed for selling abroad because of difference in national figure types or consumer preferences."

My curiosity was piqued, and scenting something of a more titillating nature, I pursued the subject further—striking deep into the very heart of the brassiere section. I was amply rewarded, as I was hipped to the fact that wearing brassieres starts early in the teens in Argentina (and if there's a song title there, you can have it), and that the majority of Tokyo's teenagers wear brassieres (I presume they were referring to les girls). I also learned that the chicks south of the border favor the more austere long and torso brassieres that flare out over the hips to compensate for the full-hipped figure. (*turn over*)

But the flaming phrase that made me think of booking immediate passage to Brazil was the notation that there, "the women are more frantically eager to hold onto their men, and are almost exhibitionistic about their bodies—Bikinis being the standard apparel for the beaches."

By this time, I was thoroughly immersed in the lore of brassiere-land, and naught could stay me as I panted on. I found out that this business, engaged in helping females push 'em up and out, is a paradoxical thing, as full of poetry and frivolity as Apollinaire and champagne on one hand, yet backed, on the other, with a hard, shrewd business sense that makes General Motors look like a charity organization.

Despite its multi-million-dollar take each year, there lies, close to the hearts of these Shape-Makers, a tender, misty-eyed solicitude for the job at hand of seeing that American nymphs and nymphets point in the right direction.

As an example (though I don't think it will dislodge Rimbaud or Verlaine from their seats of lyrical prominence) I submit the following bit of sheer whimsey to prove that the Uplifters are gentry with singing souls, not to be put down lightly by couturiers from across the sea. It is from a series of twenty-five ads appearing in the Metropolitan Opera Program—and frankly I can't see what this has to do with sales figures and B cups—but when you're through, will you please give it back? I want to tie it in lavender ribbon and put it away with a little sachet bag.

"Unlike the hidden dissuaders, the friendly persuaders, the status-peekers or the organization menaces—the Shape-Makers are a separate sociological group with only one motive: To glorify women. The Shape-Makers are the people who design the foundations worn by women and they take the responsibility with a deep sense of pride.

"Today the Shape-Makers are sculptors, architects, draughtsmen, craftsmen, magicians, anatomical geniuses, illusionists, diplomats, inventors. They are scientific experts on density, form and dimension in terms of size, height, stresses and strains. They mold the modern woman's form with artistry, tenderness, and technological wizardry. They endow her with flexibility and firmness, freedom and security. The Shape-Makers smooth the physiological and soothe the psychological. Because of the Shape-Makers, foundation wear has become a necessity that is a pleasure; an aid to feminity eagerly embraced from the twelve-year-old's first convex bra to the rose buds and snowdrops of the bride, to the worldly-wise wardrobes of firmer-uppers, holder-downers, cinchers, clinchers, diminishers, refinishers. Uplifters both spiritual and physical.

"The Shape-Makers (now get this) are a profession of compression that sometimes verges on poetical expression."

That's pretty dicty prose for the bust and behind set, but it clearly indicates what a hell of a job couture will have if it tries to steamroll American womanhood.

As I got further into the sensuous meshes of Brassiereland, U.S.A., I was really knocked out by the number of firms engaged in making *la poitrine* point up, point out, lift up, thrust forward, separate, divide, plunk, and mold, and I was entranced to find the manufacturers made them do these things proudly, arrogantly, gracefully, daringly, and, I daresay, unashamedly, with the aid of such legerdemain as stitching, inserting, tabbing, boning, and wire framing. The names these people people choose for the members of their cup teams are as a breeze from the age of Romantic poets, and if I were a girl, I would be so intoxicated by them that I'd be content to sit home nights, just a-sittin' and a-rockin', and repeating them over and over to myself. Among the more heady and captivating names I took to my heart were, Sarong, Bien Jolie, teenform international (in lower case), Jubilee, Peter Pan, Lily of France, Carnival, Top Secret, Wisp-O-Youth, Pandora, Jezebel, Saucies by Simone, Do-All, and the one that will follow me even unto the great beyond, Breathinbra.

But behind all this rhapsodic *folie*, this mad atmosphere of lace and confetti, there lurks a sinister note; a small friction, like coquina sand between silk sheets. It starts casually enough, in a back issue smacking of Pearl Harbor, with a routine economic pronouncement that the export of rayon brassieres from Japan had dropped from 581,600 dozen in 1958 to a mere 462,900 dozen in 1959 This in itself is innocent enough, until we read, in the same issue, that the Hanzawa Elegance Co. has designed a power net pantie girdle designed to prevent gastroptosis, and if that doesn't alert all the devotees of the malignant Dr. Fu Manchu that something's cooking besides sukiyaki, I don't know what will.

It's simple for the student of international affairs to see that the Japanese are sharply curtailing the brassiere output in order to develop these power net pantie girdles, and any fool can see that they mean power "jet," and all this talk about gastroptosis is a thin camouflage for the fact that we are liable to attack

"People seem to take offense at everything I say, Fatso."

any day by a screaming horde of power jet pantie girdles, flying so low that the tariff-radar can't pick them up. Whether or not they will be filled with yummy geisha girls is anyone's guess.

Getting back to the more frivolous aspects of the bust biz, never losing sight of the fact that we are out to crush Parisian couture, we find that we have allies right where we need them most, in their back yard; for another dispatch states that the French do not bother with cup sizes (again I assume that they are speaking of the women, as they find the regular A, B, and C sizes are sufficient, which I say is a flat lie, if I can believe some of the imported art studies I've seen on the backs of playing cards. According to the know-it-alls over there, French women have a tendency toward smaller breasts and wider backs than American women, a fact they would do well to keep to themselves if they expect any male tourist trade in the future.

This is apparently why French designers are so optimistic about a flat front, but the Gallic masters of chic have doubtless overlooked the phenomenal variations in the size, shape and specific gravity of the American woman's breasts.

On the off-chance that a copy of this diatribe will fall into the hands of French couturiers, perhaps by lend-lease, I have taken the liberty of defining the basic types, as a sort of blueprint of international recognition. In the attempt to be as flower-like and gentle as possible in the cold-blooded cataloguing of the good old *pectoralis major,* I have employed the terminology of various fruits, and if at times I may sound like a seed catalogue, bear with me —my intentions are of the most lyrical nature.

The six basic shapes are as follows: grape, lemon, orange, grapefruit, Persian melon, watermelon. Like Polti's "Thirty-six Dramatic Situations," they are capable of endless extension. I might mention that the watermelon was just thrown in as a surrealist fantasy (without crutches), since its province is that of the sailmaker, and has nothing to do with brassiere manufacturers.

The labels are, of course, generic, and should not be read out of context, or you're in trouble. I recall one instance in which I met a Persian girl who was definitely not in the Persian melon class. She was a grape and she turned out to be a lemon, what with always answering my every question with "Shah 'nuf, honey," until I was forced to belt her with a watermelon (the kind you buy in stores).

"You realize, don't you, that this means turning my back on everything I believe as an ichthyologist?"

In passing, a little socio-anthropologic note will not be amiss; namely, that by strange design of Mother Nature, as the breast measurement increases, so the I. Q. decreases. For example, girls in the grape to orange class are invariably tall, slim, chic, witty, extremely intelligent, and exceptionally good-looking. There are some exceptions, but speaking from personal experience, truer words were never spoken, and I have never ranged beyond the orange in my search for Nirvana. The grapefruit to Persian melon type has a tendency to wear wedgies while the watermelons can usually be found sitting around and drinking six-for-ninety-nine-cent beer, and sopping up expose magazines.

Well, *mes amis,* from the foregoing, it's a cinch to see that the battle lines have been drawn, and it's just a matter of time as to whether couture wins over the singing hills. Latest dispatches indicate that Paris design, in toto, is up in arms, but the American brassiere maker, always one to have a firm grasp of the essentials, is ready, and I see no cause for alarm. Against the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne,* and a baker's dozen of crackerjack designers, we have the total might of the American Foundation Industry—dedicated to support from below, boning underneath, and generally pinching and pushing American women into a pretty swell thing. Their light artillery (light but deadly) consists of rounded three-section cups, circular cotton-stitched cups, batiste elastic backs, *no*-center cups, and an endless supply of Spandex, the miracle giver-taker material. We're even invading the realm of Orpheus, what with the new fad of *sleeping* brassieres now having matching sleeping pants and caps. Personally, this sleeping brassiere bit is one which I could do without. Contour mold brassieres are moving like mad: colored underthings are swinging like crazy; and all told, milady is going to continue to make one hell of a good showing up front where it counts.

I don't think couture's constrictors will have one millimetre of success, unless women are complete fools—and that's highly possible—and if you men who call yourselves men are dedicated to the unabashed continuance of the charming bosom, you can help by dropping a card to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Tell them to inform our Gallic neighbors that we're completely hooked on the slogan, "It's what's up front that counts," as far as our women are concerned, and if *their* groove is to dig flat chicks, fine—we'll continue to put up a big front—and support it.

fiction JERRY BUMPUS

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH LEMOULT

LOVE IN THE SHROUDS

Sim had managed to drive the twenty miles home without having an accident. He staggered into his apartment and lay down on the divan. He left the light on in the room and stared at the ceiling. His head seemed to be sliding on ice. He had not been sober for over a month, not since he had met Kay. He had suspected Kay was drunk when he met her; now that he knew her he was certain. ☐ He closed his eyes but could not sleep. The room seemed to be on wheels. Tomorrow—rather today, tomorrow was already today—he would have to write a letter to his mother. She was now in Italy. Although he was not yet running low on money he felt he ought to write her. He would tell her that life in Florida had not changed. ☐ His eyes were closed but he was not sleeping when he heard someone pounding at the door of the apartment. It took him a while to pull his mind together. The back of his head now had a sharp ache. The room was still lighted by the table lamp and he could see it was still dark outside. The pounding at the door continued. ☐ He got up and staggered to the door. He opened it and there stood Kay in a little red jacket and tight black slacks. ☐ "Ready to go?" Kay asked quickly. There was no expression on her face. ☐ "Come on in," he said and went back into the room and sat on the divan. She closed the door and stood leaning against it. He saw she had a half-empty bottle in her hand. ☐ "Where are we going?" he asked. ☐ "You don't remember?" She still had no expression. ☐ He went to the kitchen, drank a glass of water quickly and shook his head. ☐ "You were all for it last night," she said. ☐ "What all for?" He sat back down on the divan. For some reason she made him feel uneasy.

She had been in his apartment before, but never like this. Always before, she had been like a small, young cat. Now she was intense. She almost frightened him with the intensity that showed on her face.

"You know," she said, "about the parachute jump."

With that it all came back to him. Immediately he felt a combination of excitement and dread. He tried to think of something to say, but he could only think about the conversation that had taken place the night before. Kay had told him she wanted to jump from an airplane while being intimate with a man.

"You still want to do it?" Sim asked her.

"Yes. You're not backing out, are you?" Her face was bland and serious.

He took the bottle from her. He poured a little into the bottom of the empty water glass. He drank it down quickly trying not to smell the whiskey. It did no good. He could still think of nothing to say. He poured himself another, larger drink and drank it down quickly.

"Working up your nerve?"

He replied, not looking at her face but looking at the small red canvas sneakers she was wearing, "I told you before I don't need to work up nerve to do anything." Then he looked at her stern little face. She was certainly beautiful even if she was a neurotic little drunk.

He poured himself another drink, larger than the first two. She took the glass from him and drank off the whiskey in two large swallows. He watched her throat move as she swallowed.

"You're a funny little bird," he said.

Her eyes were watering. She got up and went into the kitchen and he heard her getting a glass of water. "Ready to go?" she asked from the other room.

"It's a crazy idea," he said.

She stood in the doorway, her feet apart; determined. "I know it's a crazy idea. You want to go or not? Yes or no. I can get somebody else."

"Slow down a minute." He rubbed his forehead. His mind was more fuzzy than ever, now that the fresh whiskey was taking effect. "Why do you have your head so set on it?"

"Look," she said urgently, coming to him and holding his face in her hands. "You told me once that you liked to do interesting things because you were a writer and you thought writers ought to do everything they could. Well I feel the same way but I'm not a writer. I just want to do this because I got the idea one time and I can't forget it." Then she stood back from him and after a moment sat down in the arm chair. They stared at each other.

"Wait until tomorrow. You're drunk now. . ." he said.

She interrupted, "I'll be drunk tomorrow." She said it proudly, defiantly.

"Why don't we go down to the Keys today and then tomorrow if you still want to, we can. Is that all right?"

"Are you *afraid?*" she whispered.

He shook his head slowly. He wished he could break her intensity.

"If you're afraid, you're no better than anyone else and you're a phoney," she said, her eyes sparkling.

He replied angrily, "Go get another man if you think I'm phoney."

"I don't *want* another man." He heard her behind him, then felt her arms on his shoulders, then felt her soft hands on his cheeks ruffling his day's growth of beard. "I want you, Sim," she whispered. Her slender body was against his back.

He turned around and held her tightly and kissed her lips and her face. He picked her up and carried her toward the other room.

"No!" She put the fingernails of both hands—like a cat—against his cheeks and looked at him, their noses nearly touching. "If you ever want me again . . . you have to go with me. Save it for later."

"Honey . . ." he started, but she kissed him hard, put her small tongue inside his mouth and touched his tongue. He let her down and she stood before him, immediately changed from the soft woman with the delicate tongue. She stood with her hands on her hips.

"I've chartered an airplane and a pilot," she said.

He quickly imagined the scene in his mind, as if he were standing on the ground watching an airplane flying over, then two undressed people jumping off the tail end. "All right," he said.

"Let's take your car," Kay said. "I told the pilot we'd be at the airport at five-thirty."

They got into the sports car. The top was down and as they turned onto the street and picked up speed he felt the morning cold.

"The airstrip is thirty miles out on highway J," she said.

He drove through town. Kay took a swallow from the bottle and handed it to him. He took a big swallow.

"Step on it," she said.

He drove down the middle of the straight, narrow road and opened the car up to one hundred and twenty. They passed through several towns and then he slowed down as he saw in the distance the two hangars of the small airstrip. It did not seem possible to him they were there already.

"Is he out here?" Sim said as they got out of the car. He could see no one.

"There he is," Kay said. Sim saw a small man coming toward them from a door at the back of one of the tin hangars. The pilot was short, thin, and had light red hair. He did not look like a pilot.

"I'm Kay Maline. You the man going to fly us up?" Kay said before the man had got to them.

The man nodded.

Kay took a roll of bills from the pocket of her red jacket. The pilot did not count the money, did not look at Kay again, did not look at Sim, but turned and started back toward the hangar. They followed him across the sandy, rough ground.

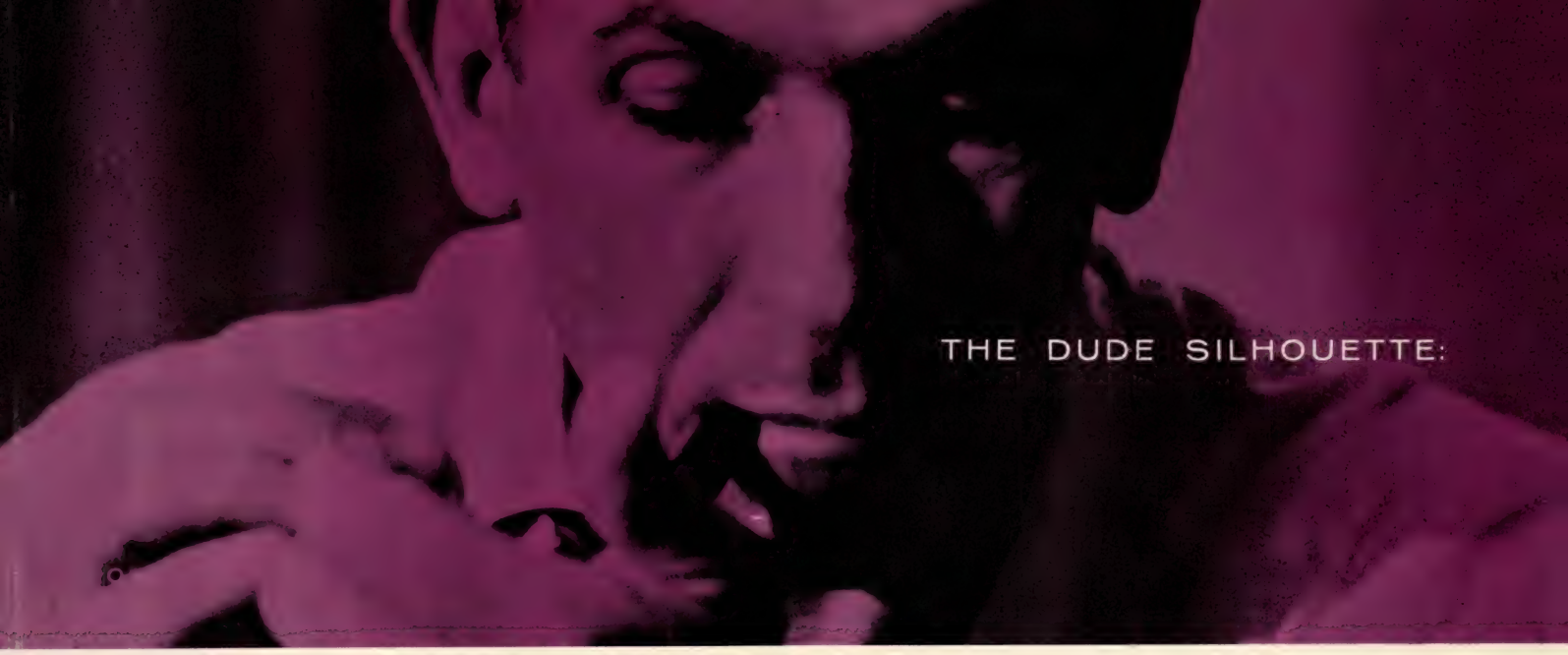
Sim walked slowly up to Kay but before he could speak to her he saw the pilot wave at them from the cockpit and Kay started toward the plane. They climbed up the step, then across the wing and into the cockpit. He looked quickly at Kay. Her lips were pale. Sim felt drawn up and weak inside himself.

Kay put a hand on the pilot's shoulder and leaned forward and shouted something to him. The pilot got up and without looking at either of them went into the back of the plane. Kay and Sim followed. The pilot showed them how to put on a parachute. Still without speaking, the pilot demonstrated how the door opened to the inside, and, without looking into their eyes, the pilot went forward again.

Kay did not look at Sim; she was twisting at the straps of the parachute. Then Sim realized that she was talking. ". . . above the airstrip and drop us pretty high so that we'll land next to the strip . . . soft ground . . ."

Soft ground, Sim said to himself.

(*turn to page* 43)



RICHARD BROOKS

The director of *Elmer Gantry* and *Lord Jim* has some unusual thoughts about movie censors, movie sexpots and movie critics.

Richard Brooks is a man who writes and directs crisp, compelling motion pictures which incisively treat the underbelly of American life.

Because some people will not admit that their clothes require laundering, some people feel that Brooks should be restrained from choosing unsavory subjects. They point out that, working in a form with great international impact, he is rinsing America's clothes in the basin of world opinion. They shudder because the suds are asplash with gray.

Yet such is Brooks's artistry that he is one of the few moviemakers permitted to tackle truths with big budgets and big stars outside the gauze of mythology which cloaks Westerns and period pictures, removing them from ready reference. Brooks's pictures have an immediacy which permits participation.

In Evan Hunter's *Blackboard Jungle* Brooks told his story in a setting of violent juvenile delinquency that shocked and shamed. With *Elmer Gantry* he heroically disturbed blind faith in human religious figures by bringing to the screen Sinclair Lewis' saga of a corrupt evangelist. His film adaptations of Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and more recently of that playwright's *Sweet Bird of Youth*, have Brooks working with characters in turmoil whose conduct would defeat a top social worker.

Considering his work in the light of U.S.I.A. director Edward R. Murrow's concern for "the American image" abroad as gleaned from films, Brooks said, "I think he makes a valid point, but when you talk about what face of America you show to the world at large, I do not think the pictures I make are distortions.

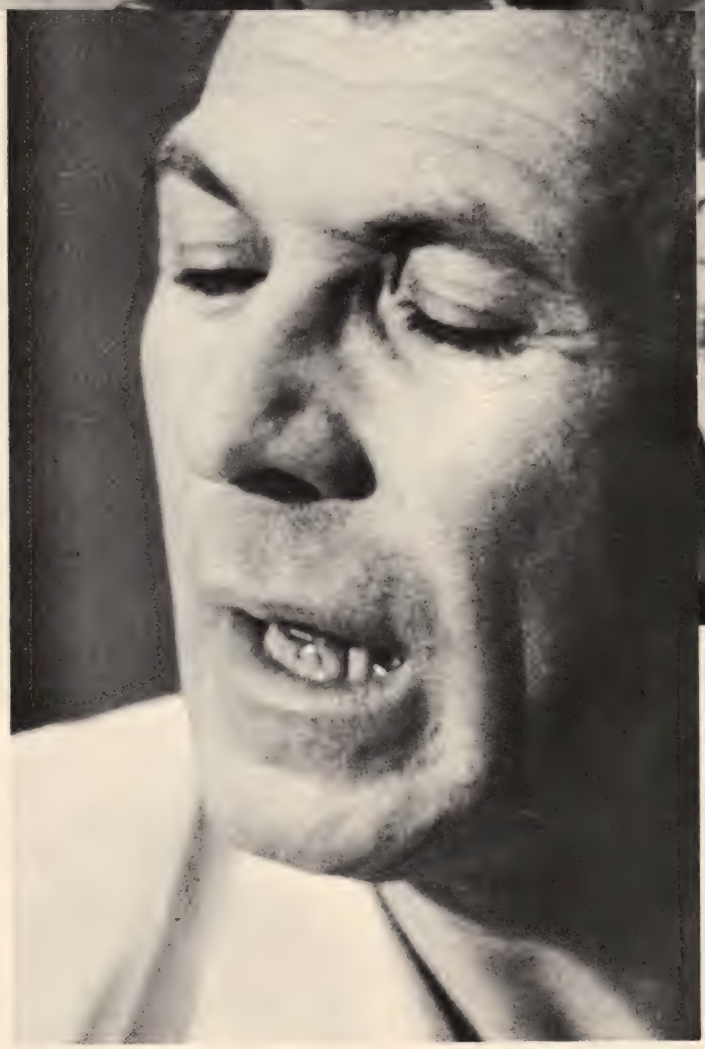
"By the same token I do not underestimate the intelligence of the rest of the world. Whether they are Japanese, Indian, African or European, these people do not think all of the faces of America are like the one American they may meet in a hotel lobby. By the same token, they do not think all films are like the ones I make or that all America is represented by the strata of society I may be showing.

"America is composed of many faces, many attitudes, many kinds of people and cultures," the ex-Marine continued in the presence of his wife, actress Jean Simmons. "If we tell the truth about America, the people of the world will finally get the entire picture. And if the picture isn't good enough, we should improve that picture—not lie about it. The day that it is unpalatable for an American to

interview . . . **DAVE JAMPEL**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BIRNBACK PUB. SERVICE

RICHARD BROOKS



tell the truth about himself is going to be a very sad one.

"It's the people of America who have so little faith in America who are always against showing these kind of stories."

Warming up to the discussion, Brooks continued, "I think I have made honest pictures of some quality. The intent of a film must be considered. I've never made a picture merely to expose. I have no desire to show garbage cans just to prove there

is garbage. But if I can get rid of the garbage by showing it, then I've done something worthwhile.

"*Blackboard Jungle* was not about juvenile delinquency, but about a phase of teaching," he submitted. "It was about a teacher sticking to his job. There's not a story I've made without faith and hope."

Brooks proudly related that within six months of *Blackboard Jungle's* release in New York, the state's teachers were granted a salary raise.

Brooks's next film will be based on Joseph Conrad's novel, *Lord Jim.* Slated for a Southeast Asian location, the venture will be his first under a two-picture contract with Columbia.

Lord Jim was first made in 1925 as a silent film on the back lot of Paramount, and in spite of the protests of Hollywood unions over overseas "run-

away" productions, Brook's production will not be another back-lotter.

"You can't make a convincing film about a foreign setting in the make-believe environment of Hollywood—unless you're doing a musical," he said. "Too many people read *National Geographic,* too many people travel and too many people are there. You can't duplicate people, with their culture, attitudes and mores in Hollywood, in spite of union arguments to the contrary. Show me five hundred Hindu villagers in Hollywood who can dance the Festival of Lights and recreate a cremation for me. Then I'll say it's fine.

"You might ask why *Lord Jim,* after a series of pictures about my contemporary time in America," Brooks suggested. "*Lord Jim* has a universal theme with which I believe every race, nationality and religious group can identify. What man doesn't want a second chance?"

As if in testimony to Brooks's ability, such actors as Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Paul Newman, Gregory Peck and England's Albert Finney and Peter O'Toole have already made bids to play the title role. But since Brooks does not believe in tailoring scripts to accommodate stars, he is not yet ready to make his choice. "I want to have a finished script first," he said.

Although he broke into pictures after careers as a newspaperman, radio newscaster, commentator and novelist, Brooks has learned better than most to respect his visual art. He disclosed that he'll experiment in trying to make *Lord Jim* truer to the film form. He will cut away much of the book's dialogue and let the camera tell the story. "I will try to film as much of the action as possible so we won't have to dub anywhere, any place, in any language. It's difficult, but I feel I have a chance.

"There's too much talking, it seems to me, in most of our pictures," Brooks continued. "The image is a much truer way of saying something than words." He said words produce an instantaneous intellectual reaction, but that the image "can bring out emotion at once." Brooks added, "Less words and more imagery would also make for better understanding for audiences outside the country where the film was made. Language and translation difficulties make the word less important than the image. In many of my earlier movies there was a lot of talking done," Brooks admitted, "but I'm going to try to cut it down in *Lord Jim* and the ones that follow."

The excitement of experimentation appeals to Brooks. "One of the worst things that ever happened in pictures," he commented, "is that the creative people haven't had the privilege of failure—and that's how the great pictures of the early days came about."

Explaining the reasons for the withdrawal of adventure from his profession, Brooks said, "The first reason is economics—more expensive pictures and more risks—and the second, not far behind, is the low emotional boiling point of American picture makers. They have fallen into the pattern that unless they succeed on every level, commercial and artistic, they consider themselves failures."

He also chides them for their physical immobility. "This is a new world. They had better look to the Orient," Brooks said expansively. "Anybody who makes movies for the world by sitting in Hollywood at the Hillcrest Country Club or in the Harvard or Yale Club on Fifth Avenue in New York, isolating himself on goofballs and martinis, is fooling himself.

"Do you know there are people in Hollywood who don't go to theaters? They don't know audience reactions to their own pictures," Brooks noted incredulously. "We have to find out what the lives of the world's people are about. The old days of the hero in a pith helmet is nonsense.

"In Hollywood there are people filming love stories who haven't been in love for forty years," he continued. "There are people making Biblical films who haven't been in a temple of worship in their whole lives. There are people making adventure movies who've done nothing more than travel from Los Angeles to New York by plane."

Yet Brooks sees signs of change. "Most of the humbuggery in Hollywood is practiced by people who are either on their way up or down," he said. "It's rarely done by those who have reached a position of independence. It usually goes along with a lack of talent."

Brooks believes Columbia is gaining a step on its competitors by gambling on people who make pictures. He recalled that Columbia executives had approached him and asked,

"What does it take for you to make a picture?"

"Freedom," Brooks replied.

Brooks's keen regard for independence spills over into the selections of actors and directors he admires—all of them of strong purpose and personality.

"Among the actors I've worked with, Bogey was great," he reflected. "Cary Grant I love because he gave me my first chance as a director. Liz Taylor I consider a tremendous professional. After Mike Todd was killed in that airplane accident, Liz returned to the set of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* a short time later and picked up where she'd left off. Burt Lancaster is exciting to work with. Sometimes he's a bit difficult, but it's always worthwhile. He's vital and energetic and, I would say, very enthusiastic about his work. Burt has a vast amount of movie know-how. And Gary Cooper was one of the really great movie personalities, a purely American original," Brooks said. "James Cagney, not unlike Cooper, is another original creator and also a great stylist."

Weighing directors, he singled out Alfred Hitchcock among the Hollywood fraternity and offered, "He's got more technique than anyone else around." Brooks also cited as his favorites, William Wyler, Billy Wilder, Fred Zinnemann, John Huston, Elia Kazan and Robert Rossen of the U.S., Carol Reed of England, Vittorio De Sica, Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni of Italy and Akira Kurosawa of Japan.

While Brooks allowed that American films are beginning to lean toward the realism of European pictures, he refused to consider it a Hollywood trend. "Whatever happens in Hollywood today is not a trend," he said, "but depends on personalities. Hollywood today is no more than a number of personalities."

Brooks noted, "In Europe there's been a recent wave of movies dealing with marital or extra-marital relations. In the United States we have a hard time doing that because we have censorship problems. In Europe they have no problems with themes dealing with relations between men and women or men and men or women and women. On the other hand, in Europe they have to worry about themes dealing with violence.

"It's extremely difficult to put on an American screen what I would call adult love because there are so many censorship organizations around—in each of the states, the church, the American Legion and the Production Code, just as examples, and they all want to get their bit in. This, I think, will slowly change," Brooks said.

He added, more vehemently, "But right now all of these censorship groups have made jobs for themselves with the untrue comment that films can change the people's morals. That's not right. Most often, I believe, pictures follow the morals of the country they're made in, and not vice versa.

"The censors are now lobbyists," Brooks added as he got up to pace the floor. "But what makes them think they know the morals of the people? And by doing what they are doing, they show less confidence in the people of America and in their good sense of logic than I would be prepared to grant the people."

Considering what was suggested as an earlier Hollywood grab at realism with the synthetic device of sexpot actresses, Brooks grinned and said, "I don't think there are any around these days." He said the term "sexpot" was a misconception.

When Miss Simmons mentioned Marilyn Monroe, Brooks said firmly, "No, she's not—she's another kind of personality and I wouldn't call her a sexpot. Actually," he stated, "she's a very fine comedienne. A sexpot knowingly displays her sensual attributes, but the main attraction about Marilyn is that she's innocent of it. It's innocence that makes it. She doesn't flout it around and she's incorruptible.

"The trouble with most of America's so-called sexpots," he continued, "is that they're not grown up. Many of them try to combine the display of their sensual attributes with an unnatural innocence. There's a difference between what is sensual and what's sexy. Marilyn Monroe is sensual."

Although his view would cause studio accountants to turn bald, Brooks feels that pictures, like other products of art, should be made subject to the test of time. "If all the press loves a picture the moment it comes out, chances are the picture is old hat," he said. "I think if a picture has lasting quality at all, it will take a while for it to be recognized—the same as a painting on a wall."

While Brooks's *Elmer Gantry* was a huge critical success, it did not receive equal enthusiasm at the box office. "I'm delighted I did it," he said. "It was important for me. At the same time, I understand the economic problems. Thank God it will at least break even— and that only because of the Academy Awards. I invested over two years of my life in that picture. I was paid for considerably less than two years."

Because *Elmer Gantry* will not lose money despite its controversial nature, Brooks believes it will help push back the walls of resistance for the production of other non-farina films on hitherto sacred subjects. "It will give me and some other guy a chance to try something else," he said. "One helps the other. Don't tell me *West Side Story* would have been made without the success of *Blackboard Jungle*. And *Blackboard Jungle* would not have been made without the success of *On the Waterfront*.

"No picture stands by itself. Every artist stands on the shoulders of all who came before. Number 606 didn't come because it's a nice number, but because 605 experiments had failed. And that's the way it ought to be."

LOVE IN THE SHROUDS

(*continued from page* 38)

He felt a quiver in the plane and then a heavy surge and he realized they were taking off. He sat down immediately on the floor. Kay also sat down and took off her jacket. They stared away from each other as they stripped down to their shoes.

He could not think. She took out the belt from his trousers and put it around her waist and girted it up tight. "You put on the parachute," she said to him, "and I'll hold on to you."

"No," he said.

"Yes." She handed him the chute and put his arm through one of the straps and he slowly put on the rest of the harness. He realized there was no longer any bouncing in the plane; they were off the ground.

"He'll tell us when," she shouted but he barely heard her. "Stand up," she said. They stood up. "Kiss me," she said. She stood with her arms at her sides. He kissed her softly on the lips. She put her arms around his waist tightly and he realized she was more frightened than he was. "We'll have to do it fast, Simmie," she whispered. She scratched his back hard with her long fingernails but he felt no pain.

"All right," said the voice from the front. Sim looked toward the cockpit. The pilot was looking at them, over his shoulder, as if he did not see them.

"All right, all right," Kay whispered hoarsely in his ear. "Open the door. Open the door quick."

Numbly he watched his white fingers pulling at the two latches and then the light metal door was loose and in his hands. He instinctively stepped back from the opening and dropped the door beside him. The cold wind rushed into the plane. "I can't," Sim said out loud but did not hear himself.

She pulled at him, toward the door, but he would not move. She put his hand on the thin metal grip on the front of the chute and grabbed him hard. He did not feel the pain until she began pulling him toward the door.

He saw nothing but her eyes as she stood squarely in front of the door with the sky one foot behind her. She put her arms around his neck and jumped straddle-legged and clutched her legs around his hips and he fell forward and they were out the door and he pulled the cord immediately.

He realized he was holding the belt she had put around her waist and was holding her with his other arm, around her back.

There was a sudden jerk and she nearly fell. He was pinched terribly under both arms; he felt as if his shoulders were being pulled out of his body.

Though he was afraid to see, he opened his eyes and saw the sun just above the edge of the earth, its bright fierce face watching them. Then he saw her face, saw her tightly clenched eyes and realized that she was not moving at all but clinging tightly to his neck.

He closed his eyes, then opened them again and realized they were nearing the earth. He saw to his left the brown airplane but he could not keep looking at it. Then they began swinging, as if they were a pendulum. On one up-swing he saw the white and gray parachute cup above them, and on the down-swing he saw the earth and the field below them. They swung twice like that and then on the up-swing they hit the earth, Sim landing on his back. And he was unconscious immediately.

He woke wondering, then saw the clear blue sky and saw to his left the green arms of weeds. He was afraid to move. He lay motionless for what seemed like a long time. Then he carefully moved his head to one side, flexed his fingers several times and slowly sat up. Kay sat in front of him, cross-legged, staring at him. One hand was bleeding slightly, and her mouth was bleeding. Her expression was blank and her eyes were dazed.

Feebly he unfastened his parachute harness. The cup of the parachute lay limply in the field like a large dead white squid.

He looked intimately at Kay. "Are you all right?" he asked, his voice breaking on the last word.

She did not reply, as if she did not hear him. He stood up before her, naked in the sun, feeling weak and tired and at the same time feeling vital and alive. He looked up at the sky. There was not a cloud.

The pilot was standing beside them before either heard him. He carried their clothes in a wad. He dropped the bundle to the ground beside Kay and turned around and headed back for the hangar. Sim watched the small man walking away, his narrow round shoulders swinging slightly as he walked. "Thanks for the ride," Sim said loudly. The pilot did not show any sign that he heard.

Sim looked back at Kay. She had not moved, did not seem to have even blinked her eyes once. He dressed slowly. He inhaled deeply. The air was fresh and light and seemed to dance in his lungs.

Slowly Kay got up and without looking at Sim, put her clothes on. She brushed her short hair back and stared into Sim's eyes.

Without talking they walked back to the car. They drove down the highway slowly. They had driven about fifteen miles when Kay said in an indifferent tone, "Take me home, I guess."

"All right," Sim said.

They drove all the way to the large house without speaking. When they got there the sun was well into the sky.

"Let's go down to the beach," she said as they approached the house. He pulled the car to the curb and looked at her. Her eyes were bloodshot and heavy, tired. Her face, with the small cut in her lower lip, was wan and small.

"All right," he said. "You're a strange little cat."

"You don't have to if you don't want to," she said.

"I'd like to."

They drove two miles down a sandy road toward the ocean and left the car and walked a short distance to the place they had often gone swimming. Three gulls danced lightly on the air just above the surface of the water not far out. Sim watched them. They seemed to fly without moving their wings.

They lay down in the sand, side by side, looking up at the clear, empty sky. Then without speaking they looked at each other, held each other tightly without moving for a long time, and then they made love slowly and gently. Kay whispered in Sim's ear, her eyes open, looking into the sky, "I'd like to see a hawk. I would so much like to see a hawk right now."

FREEDOMLAND FUN AND FASHION FORAY

An amusement park that reconstructs America in microcosm, east coast to west coast, pioneer days to space age, New York's Freedomland is a fitting place for a brace of double-daters to cavort in today's eclectic fashions.

Above, aboard a replica riverboat, one of the visiting sports wears a Tarra Hall tweed hacking pocket jacket with elbow patches of leather. It's available at

approximately $45 at the Stagg Shop, Coral Gables, Florida; Town Squire, San Francisco; and Anthonie's, Minneapolis.

You don't need a camel to tour little old New York, but the crew above proves that camel-hair will help you do it in style. Left to right, he's in the camel duffer coat, England's contribution to fall fashion. About $25 by Stanley Blacker. She wears a classic camel blazer and tartan kilt by Country Lady—blazer about $60. The other she is in a classic double-breasted boycoat by Country Lady at about $100. And the pathfinder on the end is also classic in a single breasted polo coat by College Hall. This one costs $100. All finery can be found at Paul Bennett Ltd., Washington, D.C.; Campus Corner, Buffalo, New York; and Jay Briggs, San Francisco.

Below, hipsters with an English air make the village square scene. The gentleman on the left wears an imported cashmere sportscoat in houndstooth check by College Hall. Costs about $75. Under the sports car cap is an authentic British hacking jacket with side vents and throat flaps. The fabric is district check from Scotland, by Emessons at about $65. These jackets are sold at the Pincus Company, San Antonio, Texas; Austin Limited, New York City; and Paul Bennett Ltd., Washington, D.C.

At right: giant herringbone is a-comin'. After a long absence they return to the fashion front. Dramatic revival is exemplified in the rugged country look of imported British tweeds by Emessons. Both about $65 at British-American House, New York City; Britton's, Columbia, South Carolina; and Mr. Guy, Los Angeles.

The best new idea in fall sportscoats is the "Hunt" coat, above, by College Hall. Deep side vents give masculine dash to the rugged Scottish tweed fabric adorned with patch pockets and leather buttons. It sells for about $45 at Casual-aire, New York City; Gentry, Pittsburgh; and Jay Briggs, San Francisco.

SNUG AS A BUG

(*continued from page* 30)

"Excellent," Bill Prentice said.

"Of course we can't go overboard. As you may have heard we're having a little hassle over the RS-70 program. You'll be notified about mil-specs and—"

"Military Specifications?" Bill asked, astounded. "For flying carpets?"

"Being written now," Thompson said. "Salt spray tests, sampling procedures. Nothing to worry about. The first order will be for one thousand rugs. Formal notice is in the mail."

"Fine," Bill murmured. "Thank you, sir." He hung up and stared at Carol.

They had champagne with supper and laughed over Bill's explanation of mil-specs, material review procedures, and environmental testing.

"Now it becomes business," he said later as they sat smoking and listening to old Les Brown records.

"And the fun will be gone," Carol added sadly.

"The fun will be gone," Bill said, walking over to the spot on the wall he hit on the first flight. "I'll have to touch up that baseboard."

"No more research?" Carol asked.

"Very little," Bill said. "Routine."

"Then our partnership is kind of—"

"Kind of," Bill said softly. "Except that I dimly remember a remarkable offer you made a while back concerning an Air Force contract and my rug."

Carol walked to the big picture window and looked out over the field and the lights of Westport.

"Are you going to hold me to it?"

"I guess not," Bill murmured finally. Carol turned and looked at him.

"Then I'd better get along," she said. "It's been fun."

He helped her with her coat; then she went to the bathroom and came back with her toothbrush.

"So long, Bill," she said. "Don't forget to brush after every meal."

He permitted her to get a quarter of a mile down the road before he pulled the four by six carpet up beside her. At the darkened upstairs window of a nearby house a woman watched with astonishment.

"Harvey," she whispered. "Wake up. You'll never believe what's going on out there." Her husband turned over and mumbled.

"Now the girl is climbing on the thing," the woman went on. "They're actually going up and—Ye gads! They wouldn't dare!"

Harvey stumbled out of bed.

"Don't look," she said sternly. Harvey adjusted his glasses and stared at the scene.

"By George," he whispered. "Now there is a record of sorts. It's sort of like standing up in a hammock."

"Harvey! Stop leaning out of the window and get back to bed," his wife commanded. Harvey stretched and reached for his trousers.

"No sleep tonight," he said, dressing. "I'm going down to the garage and get the tow truck ready."

"Why?"

"At their rate of drift," he drawled, "they'll be directly over the Boston Post Road in five minutes. Hot damn!"

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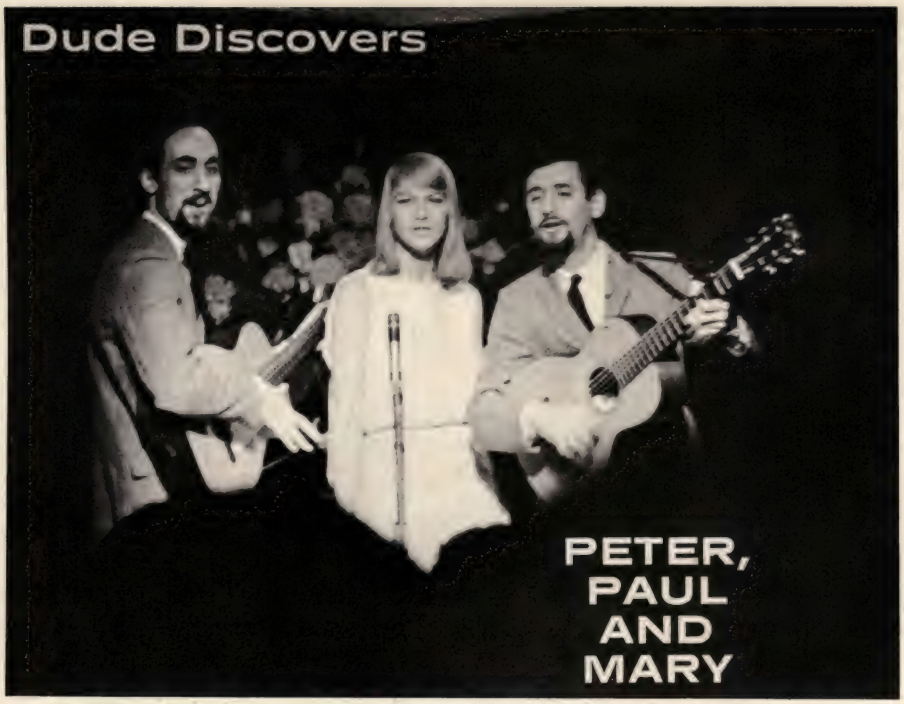


. . . a bright, shiny new singing group that is adding a novel and exciting dimension to the already familiar output of the campus-popular "city-billie" trios and quartets. All the button-down groups share in common the urbanization of folk and country music, but Peter, Paul and Mary refine this tendency to its ultimate degree.

Visually, they present an image of a pretty, blonde head surrounded by beards, but any notion that the well-trimmed beavers spell beatnik is belied by the carefully custom-tailored suits . . . as well as Mary's stylish sheath fitted closely over a long willowy form. Vocally, they have in a short time built up a refreshing repertoire of original compositions and rarely sung folk tunes which are performed with polish, poise, verve and humor. The last quality is augmented by verbal sound effects and sharp comic lines.

The official biographies of most trios usually tell, with great sentiment, how the principals met at a party and after one impromptu song "knew they were meant for each other." The birth of Peter, Paul and Mary, to the contrary, was planned. Manager Al Grossman, who had been involved with the success of Odetta, Joan Baez and the Newport Folk Festivals, wanted to assemble a new singing group with a specific sound and character. He reached into New York's boundless talent bag and found local boy Pete Yarrow, an authentic folk singer; Michigan-born Paul Stookey, a Greenwich Village standup comic and former rock 'n' roll singer; and Kentucky native Mary Allin Travers, a charming neophyte in the world of musical comedy.

Grossman plucked the three from their individual careers and, putting them together for seven non-performing months, helped them learn to relate personally, and, in short, develop into a cohesive unit. Once sprung on the public, they were ready . . . and their rise has been meteoric.

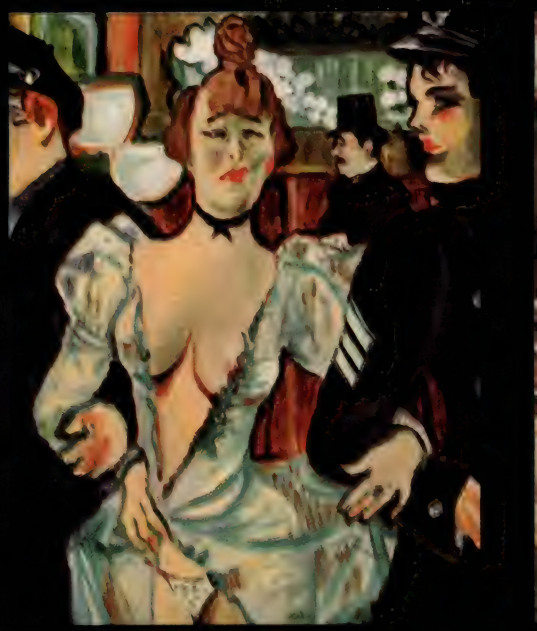
In less than a year they have made, in addition to the regular campus rounds, appearances at the hungry i, Blue Angel and **Tonight** Show. Their first LP record (which features "Lemon Tree", a best selling single) reached ninth place in the **Cash Box** listings within three months of its release and is still climbing (Warner Bros. 1449). Their second LP should be hitting the stalls now.

If you dig folk music you may have heard this group by now. If you hate folk music—discover Peter, Paul and Mary for yourself. You may have some new thoughts about it.

FINE ART PARODIES BY RAM

EROS REVISITED The Fine Art of Fine Artsmanship.

These are famous paintings. They are Art. They are Culture. They are very Impressive—until you examine them carefully and discover they are parodies. But you are not disappointed because you are not pretentious—you read this magazine for entertainment. If you wish to examine the originals of these paintings you may see them in any museum guide book—or turn the page.



GAUGUIN'S "WOMEN WITH MANGOES"

These are famous paintings. They are Art. They are Culture. They are very Impressive. But you are disappointed, because you are not pretentious—you read this magazine for entertainment, and you know you may see these paintings in any museum guide book. If you wish to examine the parodies of these paintings you may not find them anywhere—but on the preceding page.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC'S "LA GOULUE LEAVING THE MOULIN ROUGE"

GIORGIONE'S "PASTORAL CONCERT"

VELASQUEZ' "VENUS AND CUPID"

ORIGINAL PAINTINGS COURTESY OF OESTREICHER'S PRINTS INC. AND BETTMANN ARCHIVES

"Psst!"

"MY NAME IS THE WIND"

THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING, IN THIS CASE, WAS THE POWER TO DESTROY. He took the key from his pocket, unlocked the padlock, and then took the shotgun down from the rack. ■ The shotgun was a Savage automatic, and he thought the name was wryly appropriate because he was about to kill himself and he considered the act essentially savage, and at the same time automatic, almost inevitable.

fiction . . . EVAN HUNTER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MOCNIAK

Holding the gun in his big hands, he looked down at it with a curiously sad smile. He hadn't even wanted the damn thing. ■ The house was very still. ■ He stood in the center of the wood-paneled den, alone in the house, the ceiling lights glinting on the sleek, polished barrel of the gun. It was really ironic, he thought, that Beth was the one who'd insisted on buying it, over his protests. It was really so

goddamn ironic that he felt like crying because . . . because this gun, this gun he held in his hands was something more than a weapon or a deliverer. Its possession, his ownership of it even though he'd never wanted it, was an admission of a way of life. And his way of living had really left very little choice in determining the way of his dying.

How still the house was, almost as if it expected a sudden noise and were bracing itself for the shock. That's ridiculous, he thought. The house is empty because Beth and the children are at the beach. No one expected me home this early, not on a Friday afternoon.

He looked at the gun again.

Well, he thought, I might as well get it over with. Shells, he thought. I suppose I'll need shells.

Aimlessly, he began walking toward the garage. The shotgun felt a little heavier in his hands. He felt no real sense of urgency, and yet he knew the thing had to be done before Beth and the children got home. He supposed that would be around five o'clock, and it was only three now. It seemed much later than that. The idea had come to him at exactly two-thirty, just a half-hour ago. He had said his final Yes at that time, and then had glanced at his desk clock, as if wanting to mark the hour, as if knowing even as the Yes left his lips that it was the last time he would ever say that word, the last time he would allow himself to be talked into doing something he did not want to do.

He went back into the house and loaded the gun to its full five-shot capacity, even though he knew he'd need only one shot, and then he sat with the gun across his lap for several moments and tried to think if there was anything he wanted to do before he killed himself. He had no idea as yet whether he would put the barrel of the gun in his mouth or simply hold it against his temple. The idea of killing himself did not frighten him. In fact, he accepted it with a sort of depressive calm, as if he had known from the very beginning, from that time so long ago when he had first said Yes that this was the way it would end.

He decided to leave a note for Beth. He didn't really care whether or not she understood, but he felt nonetheless that he should leave some sort of note. He had given her little enough in her lifetime, and he didn't want her to think she was totally responsible for what he was going to do even if she might have been partially responsible.

He put the shotgun down on the floor alongside the desk, sharpened a pencil and then sat down in the desk chair, and wondered what he could say to her and then thought, *The hell with her, let her figure it out herself,* and then relented, sighed, meticulously dated the top of the page, and wrote:

Dear Beth,

I'm not sure you will understand this. I'm not sure I understand it myself. I only know . . .

I'm not sure I do understand it, he thought. I'm really not sure I understand it at all. I only know that when Dave came into my office and put the question to me, when Dave asked me to do whatever it was he asked—I can hardly remember what he asked, it is only with a great effort of will that I can remember him asking at all—and I said, "Yes, sure, yes," I knew that was the end, I knew I had to do this.

He paused, holding the pencil poised over the pad, wondering how he could tell this to Beth. How do you explain to a woman you never loved the things that mean the most to you? How do you tell her about a boy who used to lie in bed beside a frost-rimed window imagining a universe of ice-crystal stars stretching to eternity? Where does it go? he wondered. How do you get to be forty-two years old and writing a farewell note to a woman you never wanted?

How can you tell her about a night that happened before she even existed, a night that happened before the beginning of time, when the lights of the ferris wheel traced a round robin pattern against a starless sky? The calliope music was flooding the vacant lot upon which the carnival had pitched its travel-worn brown tents. There was the noise of barkers, and the playful shrieking of young girls, and the mechanical roar of the amusement machines, and the tiny pop of the .22 in his hands, and the echoing sound of the bullets spanging against the gong at the far end of the gallery.

The girl was suddenly there.

He looked up as he reloaded the rifle, and the girl was there, and at once his hands were wet. She looked at him somewhat shyly, a tall girl of seventeen, with long blonde hair and luminous brown eyes, a faint smile on her mouth. She was wearing a pale blue cotton frock, and her legs were long and tanned, and she wore white sneakers dulled by the dust of the vacant lot. The night opened. The world dissolved. He looked at her, and everything he had ever wanted in all his long eighteen years was suddenly there, standing not three feet away from him. He put down the rifle. He looked at the girl soundlessly, and his eyes suddenly misted. And then, without expecting to, he held out his hand to her.

The girl looked at him curiously. She studied his face. She shook her head slightly and seemed about to speak, and then her eyes fastened to his, and the night narrowed into a single direct channel, the ferris wheel, the barkers, the terrified shrieks, the laughter, all melting beyond the fringes of focus, their eyes meeting and holding with an intensity so great it excluded all else. Speechless, she took his hand.

The carnival was a part of the dream. They walked through its tinsel and glitter like figures from another time, displaced. There was a glow of unreality to the night. The lights seemed softer now, the music indistinct, the laughter muffled and faraway. Only the girl was real, and even the girl was part of the dream. She would not tell him her name. They made a game of it, he trying to guess, and she repeatedly shaking her head, her laughter rising to join the music of the calliope. He bought her a jelly apple, and he watched bewitched as her teeth sank into the thick candy crust, and he said, "Your name is Guinivere."

"No."

"Elaine then?"

"No."

Her laughter. Walking with a gentle delicate step, the dust-covered sneakers carrying her gracefully over the lot and then to the littered sidewalk beyond, and across the town to where the river snaked in unreflecting blackness, overhung with the willows on its bank. He held her hand and guided her to the water's edge. The grass was wet with dew. He cupped her face in one hand and whispered, "Tell me your name."

"My name is the wind," she said, and laughed.

"Tell me."

"I wish you would kiss me," she said. "Please kiss me."

Still holding her face, feeling the

hard line of her jaw beneath his fingers, he lowered his mouth, and her lips parted, and he closed his eyes and held her very tight. In that instant, all the romantic visions of his youth, all the fantasies he had drawn on the nighttime ceiling of his room, the imagined legends of tall gallant men and beautiful delicate maidens came alive in this girl whose name he did not know. The willows hung like teardrops caught by time.

And with this girl, with this gentle girl who lay softly cradled in his arms by the edge of the river, there came purpose and resolve. He was suddenly brimming with plans; ambition rose within him like a tower. Holding her in his arms, he spun a golden thread of reveries, whispering lest the night be shattered by sound, until at last she sighed and said, "I must go."

"I'll take you home," he said softly. "Where do you live?"

"I live in the air," she answered, and again she laughed.

"No, seriously."

"I'll find my way alone. I want you to stay here."

"I want to come with you," he said, puzzled.

"Kiss me again."

He held her to him, and kissed her again, but there was an unfamiliar panic rising within him. He did not want to let her go. Fiercely, he clung to her.

"Don't go yet," he said. "Please."

"I'm going. I must."

"No. please . . . "

"Do you love me?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, but . . . "

"Then love me," she said, "and let me go."

He was frightened all at once. Suddenly he was afraid that if he insisted he would lose her completely. He nodded bleakly in the darkness. "Yes." he said. "All right."

She rose and brushed her skirt, her long thin fingers moving silently in the darkness.

"Will I see you tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes, tomorrow," she said.

She kissed him suddenly and swiftly and then slipped out of his arms and ran up the grassy bank. He could hear her laughter trailing behind her.

"I love you!" he called to the night.

She did not come the next day. He waited until it was dark, and then beyond that, and then he simply sat on the river's edge, no longer waiting, and stared deep into the black waters.

"If you think he's a grouch now, you should see him when he wakes up in the morning."

He looked for her all that summer.

The songs they were playing in 1937 helped to perpetuate the dreamlike quality of that night by the river. Every sad lyric seemed to have been written expressly for him, contrived to remind him of events that somehow never happened. He asked about her everywhere. "Long blonde hair," he would say, "and brown eyes, and she was wearing a pale blue dress and dust-covered sneakers. She's the most beautiful girl who ever lived." And he heard conflicting reports about her. Hitler was about to march into Poland; the world was poised for war; but all he could think of was the girl with the long blonde hair.

In the early part of 1942, the area of his search was enlarged. He went into the Navy, and the Navy took him to the Great Lakes Training Center and Chicago, and then to radar school in Fort Lauderdale, and the opportunity to search Miami and Miami Beach, and then Norfolk for a training course with the assembled crew of his about-to-be-commissioned ship. He went as far as Richmond looking for her, and then Boston to commission the destroyer, and Guantanamo for a shakedown cruise, and then Panama Canal and a quick, one-night search of Colon, and then San Diego, and Pearl Harbor, searching always, searching—and then the ship went into action, and he stopped looking because then there was nothing to see but death.

His best friend aboard ship was another radarman, named Frank Randolph. He often told him about the girl with no name, and he speculated for the first time about what might have happened if he hadn't said Yes to her request. Would she have vanished so completely if he hadn't agreed to stay there by the river? The idea was a nagging one. Discussing it with Frank on the fantail of the *Fancher*, he recognized his acquiescence as a committed error. But he did not yet know it would become a trend, and then a habit, and eventually a trap. He was, after all, an enlisted man in the United States Navy, subject to commands, becoming more and more accustomed to saying, "Yes, sir." As the years passed, as the *Fancher* miraculously survived battle after battle, the mandatory "Yes, sir" became second nature to him, the ship became his home, his crewmates became the only community he knew. He had never had any brothers, and now Frank

THE DUDE

"Hi there—I'm Walter! I'm looking for a mother image"

Randolph, mild and unassuming, quietly understanding, became a brother to him. In November of 1944, he said Yes to his brother.

The *Fancher* had got underway at dusk, part of a force escorting the four transports and two cargo vessels out of Ironbottom Sound on their way to Espiritu Santo to the southwest. The action itself, the very fact that the transports and cargo ships had been ordered away from Guadalcanal, was an ominous one. Even if there had not been the heavy Japanese air attack that afternoon, the men would have known instantly that something was in the wind. He was not surprised when the chemical alarm shrieked its warning through the ship a little after midnight. Automatically, he swung his legs over the side of his bunk, pulled on his trousers, and slipped his feet into his shoes. He was putting on his chambray shirt and running for the ladder when Frank called to him.

There was something curiously compelling in his voice. Turning, he looked into Frank's eyes, and saw something there he had never seen before.

"What is it?" he whispered.

Behind them, the speaker on the bulkhead blared, "General Quarters! All hands man your battle stations! General Quarters!"

"What is it, Frank?"

Sailors were rushing past them, scrambling up the single ladder leading out of the aft sleeping compartment, pulling on clothing as they ran.

"What is it, for God's sake?"

"I can't go up there again."

"What?"

"The bridge," Frank said. "I can't." He shook his head. "Can't," he said again.

"What do you mean? Frank, that's General Quarters. We've got to . . ."

"Listen."

"What?"

"Listen. I . . . I can't go up there." Frank's fingers tightened on the pale blue sleeve of his shirt. "I . . . I could see the pilot's face. This afternoon. When the . . . when the plane dove at the bridge, I could see his face. And . . . and flames were dropping from the fuselage . . . on . . . on . . . some dropped on my helmet." Frank paused and swallowed. "I can't go up there again. I don't care. I can't go up."

"Well . . . well what . . . ?" He looked around him in panic. The compartment was almost clear now. They stood together by the ladder, the chemical alarm still shrieking, Frank's hand tight on his sleeve.

"Switch with me," Frank said abruptly. "Take my place on the bridge."

"How can I do that?"

"The old man doesn't know what the hell's going on, anyway. He doesn't care who his talker is, so long as he's got one."

"Frank, he'd . . . "

"I'll take your place at the Sugar George in the radar shack. You go up and handle the phones. Please."

"I can't do that, Frank."

"Please."

"How can I . . . ?"

"I thought we were friends," Frank said.

"Yes, but . . . "

"Then please! Can't you see I'm about to . . . "

"All right," he said softly. "Yes, Frank. All right, I'll do it. But for God's sake, hurry!"

He would remember that night as long as he lived as a night of confusion and terror, Friday the thirteenth, a jinx of a night. There were fourteen American warships, and only twelve Japanese, but the Japanese numbered two battlewagons in the force, and the early American advantage of radar was somehow lost in the baffled confusion . . . and suddenly the Japanese fleet loomed out of the darkness not a breath away, and then radar didn't matter a damn. They could see each other.

They came upon each other with shocking swiftness, suddenly surprised to find themselves in the middle of a desperate fight. Standing on the bridge of the *Fancher* in Frank's usual battle position, the sound-powered phones on his head, the mouthpiece an inch away from his lips, he relayed urgent radar reports to the exec and watched the world disintegrate in fire.

A searchlight pierced the blackness and caught the bridge of the *Fancher* in brilliant, merciless illumination. He heard the big Japanese guns bellowing in the blackness, heard the shells as they screamed across the open water, and then the *Fancher* rocked with explosion and he lost his footing as the deck swung downward to port, slanting under his feet. Someone on the open bridge yelled, "The radar shack! They hit Com-

bat!" He tried to scramble to his feet. Crouching against the bulkhead of the pilot house, the bridge slanting, the whole ship slanting, *I'll fall off*, he thought wildly, *I'll drown*. He pressed the button on his mouthpiece.

"Combat, this is Bridge," he said, and got no answer from the radar shack.

"Combat, Bridge!" he shouted urgently. "Was that a hit?" Silence. "Hey, can anybody hear me? Frank, are you on this line? Frank? Frank?" Silence. "Will you for Cripe's sake answer?"

The action ended at 0230 when the remaining Japanese warships began limping northward. Almost every ship in the force was badly damaged, but the planes on Henderson Field—the Japanese objective—had been saved.

The explosion in the radar shack had wounded the senior communications officer, destroyed the Sugar George gear, and killed a Radarman Second Class named Frank Randolph.

It was not his fault, and logically he knew it was not his fault. But logic and reason seemed to have no place in his reconstruction of what had happened. Piece by painful piece, he put the incident together and the resulting revelation was frightening. He hadn't wanted to go up to the bridge any more than Frank had, but neither had he wanted to lose Frank's friendship. And so he had taken the easy way out, he had chosen not to argue, he had said Yes, and sent Frank to his death. As frightening as the knowledge was, he persisted in exploring it, and finally coupled it with what had happened by the river on the night of the carnival. He had said Yes there, too, and sent the girl into oblivion.

Yes, then, was a dangerous word. Here in a world of snapping hand salutes and of mechanical responses to idiotic orders, he began to dread the word and what it meant in terms of his own weakness. He resolved to be extremely careful with its use. He knew now that he was inclined to avoid friction, to present the agreeable smile and the accepting nod rather than to risk displeasure. But on at least two occasions, he had gambled on a nod—and lost. He decided he would never allow that to happen again.

He was twenty-seven years old when he was released from active duty in 1946, and returned to his home town. He felt a lot older. The town had changed very little during the war, but it seemed alien and strange to him. He avoided making new friendships because friendship involved a responsibility he had decided against. He took a series of meaningless jobs, leaving one after another whenever he got bored or whenever he felt too much was being demanded of him. Without fully realizing it, he was becoming aimless and rootless, bound by a futile decision that really rendered him decisionless. He had, in effect, committed himself to a policy of non-commitment, and perhaps he realized it would not work even before he met Beth.

He supposed he would never love anyone as deeply as he had loved the girl with the blonde hair. Beth had blonde hair, too, but she wasn't that enchanted girl of his youthful dreams, not by any wild imagining. Beth's hair was clipped short, and her eyes were blue, and there was a somewhat horsy look to her face, a sophisticated twang to her speech. She walked over to him one night at a club dance and said, "My name is Beth McCauley. Don't you ever talk to anyone?"

"Sure, I do," he said. "What do you want me to say?"

"I'd like you to ask me to dance."

"Do you want to dance?" he said.

"I'd love to," Beth answered, and she flashed a quick, conspiratorial grin.

She danced well. She was a small girl who seemed too compactly built, but she moved with surprising grace, and she followed every innuendo of pressure on the small of her back. He walked down to the river with her later. The waters were black, the willows overhung the bank, he thought he could hear a trace of laughter floating on the air.

"I used to come here when I was a kid," he told her.

"It's beautiful," she said.

"Mm." He nodded and looked at the water. He guessed he should kiss her.

"You haven't told me your name," she said suddenly.

The words startled him. He looked at her curiously, and then very softly said, "My name is the wind."

"What?" Beth said, and then laughed. "It isn't at all. It's Matt. I knew before I asked you to dance." She paused. "What's your last name?"

"Blaney. Why?"

"Blaney," she repeated, and then suddenly added, "Beth Blaney," as if testing the words.

He made no comment. He shrugged in the darkness, and then he kissed her without any real desire and thought *You can feel her teeth when you kiss her.*

There was passion in this girl, and beauty of a sort, and a knife-edged intelligence that sometimes made him feel awkward and clumsy. But most of the time, she was pleasant and easy to be with, and he continued seeing her until eventually she seemed to have been there always.

He had no intention of marrying her, not really. Even facing the realization that he could not go through life refusing to form any real attachments, he did not once seriously think of forming an attachment with Beth McCauley. He continued seeing her because she demanded nothing of him. Until one night, by the river, suddenly and without preamble, she said, "Matt, I want to get married."

At first, idiotically, he thought she was talking about someone else. And then immediately, he knew she meant she wanted to marry him, and the idea was so preposterous that he almost laughed aloud. *Well, I don't want to marry you*, he thought and said nothing, staring at the river.

"Well?" she said.

"Well, what do you want me to say?"

"Say yes or no, Matt."

Yes or no, he thought, and he smiled a bit wryly. Yes or no, and what happens if I say Yes? Who vanishes this time, Beth, who gets blasted into oblivion?

"I haven't given much thought to marriage," he said cautiously.

"Think about it now, Matt."

I don't have to think about a damn thing, he thought. I *know* I don't want to marry you. I don't love you. What's there to think about?

"I can't afford to get married right now," he said. "I'm going to leave my job. I'm fed up with my job."

"My father will give you a job."

I don't want a job with your father, he thought. I don't even *like* your father.

"I don't know anything about grain," he said.

(*turn over*)

"You don't have to know a goddamn thing," she answered petulantly, "and he'll still pay you twenty thousand a year."

"That's a lot of money."

"Yes."

"I'd hate to think I was being . . . I don't know . . . "

"Bribed?" Beth supplied.

"Well . . . "

"You are," she said. "I'm twenty-eight years old, Matt, and I'm tired of necking by the river. Yes or no?"

"If I say no?"

"Is that your answer?" She rose and brushed off her skirt.

"Wait!"

"Yes or no, Matt?"

"How do you know I love you?" he said.

"I didn't ask," Beth answered.

He hesitated for a long while. Then, committing himself for the first time since Frank's death, he said, "Yes, all right," and knew instantly who would vanish this time, knew instantly who would be blasted into oblivion.

They were married in the First Episcopal Church on top of the hill. Her family made all the arrangements, and he always looked back on it later as Beth's wedding, not his own. The house they moved into was chosen by Beth, a high-gabled house in the middle of dense woods. Later, because the house was in the middle of the woods, Beth insisted that they buy a gun. Apparently, she had already forgotten that she herself had chosen the house and its location. That didn't matter. She was afraid of being alone in the woods, she said, now that they had children to care for. By that time he was so used to saying Yes that he'd protested only weakly before agreeing, and then went downtown with her to pick out the Savage. He hadn't liked the gun from the start. The gun reminded him of the .22 he'd been firing that night at the carnival when the enchanted girl—he always thought of her as enchanted, magical—had walked soundlessly into his life on silent sneakered feet. The gun reminded him of the five-inch cannons on the *Fancher* and the answering fire of the Japanese ships, and the death of Frank Randolph.

But more than that, the gun—securely locked in a rack, out of reach of the children—was a constant and visible reminder of what he had become, or perhaps what he had always been. Yes, yes, yes, I will marry you, yes I like the house with the gables in the middle of the woods, yes we should have children, yes we need a gun, yes, yes!

This afternoon, he had said Yes for the last time.

He picked up the shotgun he had not wanted and thought *You goddamn gun, I didn't want you!*

I didn't want Beth, *or* this endless silent house, *or* the children, *or* the job with her father where Dave can come in to ask me to do something meaningless and I can say "Yes, sure, fine, yes, yes!"

I would like to say No sometime, he thought. I would like to stand with my head and shoulders back, I would like to take a deep breath and then yell with all my strength, "No! I don't want to, you bastards!"

He looked at the shotgun. He sighed gently and then put the barrel into his mouth and hooked his thumb around the trigger.

I don't want to do this, he thought.

And fired.

SOUND ON

(*continued from page* 4)

In Brief: *Cynthia Gooding sings* Italian Folk Songs *and Yves Tessier does* French Troubadour Songs *in a fine collection by Elektra (221) . . . In* The Intimate Bach *(Capitol 8582 s), Laurindo Almeida transposes a number of the old master's works for guitar, viola and French horn . . . Sonny Rollins plays a paean to the Williamsburg Bridge* in The Bridge *(Victor 2527 s). Jim Hall is featured on guitar . . . Harry Belafonte gets farther and farther out with each record. The latest,* Midnight Special *(Victor 2449) is, in part, almost a travesty of folk music . . . Columbia has issued a half dozen records in honor of Igor Stravinsky's eightieth birthday. Among the best are* Works *For Two Pianos and Four* Hands, *played by Gold and Fizdale (6333 s);* the *"Violin Concerto in D Major 1931," played by Isaac Stern, and backed by "Symphony in Three Movements 1945" (6331 s); and the "Pulcinella Suite" and "Concerto for Piano and Wind Orchestra" (6329 s).*

A collection of cool ones by Blue Note includes Hooting 'N Tootin', *featuring Fred Jackson, tenor sax (4094); Horace Parlan,* Headin' South *(4062);* Heavy Soul, *featuring Ike Quebec, tenor sax (4093); and* Stop and Listen *with Baby Face Willette, organ, Grant Green, guitar, and Ben Dixon, drums (4084) . . . Lightnin' Hopkins, the blues singer and guitarist, has teamed up with Sonny Terry, the harmonica player, for a number of interesting duets on* Last Night Blues *(Prestige Bluesville 1029) . . .* Six Overtures *by William Boyce, "Master of the King's Band of Musick," are as pleasant and restrained as English Baroque can get (L'Oiseau-Lyre 60041 s) . . . Three Guitars of Sabicas (Columbia 1757 s) is listenable when not too gimmicky . . .* Ramblin' Jack Elliott, *a city-bred folk singer who sidekicked with Woody Guthrie, does a collection of rarely heard folk tunes on Prestige International 13033 . . . Riverside's "Chicago — The Living Legends" series comes up with another winner in* Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars *(9406 s) . . .* The Bach Family, *excluding father, is given an outing by Ormandy's Philadelphia Orchestra on Columbia 6342 s . . . Father is well taken care of in Glenn Gould's organ rendition of* The Art of the Fugue *(Vol. I), Columbia 6338 s, and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra's version of* The Bach Suites, *Munchinger conducting (London 2206 s).*

In Hey Mrs. Jones, *Jimmy Witherspoon belts out beautifully a round dozen of blues tunes (Reprise 6012) . . . If you like* Rigoletto, *you won't want to pass up London's new pressing, featuring the fabulous Joan Sutherland (1332 s).*

Right: The Dude's version of the Le Mans start, viewed properly. Below, Michele Lee, singing star of Bravo Giovanni, flaps the green flag and off they go.

pictorial essay

Rally 'Round The Dude, Boys

Four young men who like their girls and their sports cars, in that order, recently decided to stage a somewhat different kind of rally. After a few Margueritas at Le Chanteclair, a road racers' hangout in New York City, they came up with a treasure hunt rally idea that would combine the fun of driving, the fun of being with a pretty girl, and the fun of country dining.

Their idea: have a fifth party choose one of four inns (one in northern New York State, one on Long Island,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TED NAVARRO AND BILL STRAVITZ

one in New Jersey, and one in Staten Island in New York harbor) as the destination. The fifth man then had to work up a riddle-poem and give a copy to each driver. Everyone left from New York's Plaza Hotel early Saturday morning. According to each man's interpretation of the riddle, the four drivers and their girls shot off for—as it turned out—four completely divergent destinations by the compass.

Each driver got a sealed envelope containing the correct destination, and after forty minutes driving time he telephoned the inn he thought he should be heading for. If he turned out to be wrong, he was allowed to open the sealed envelope and head in the right direction. This was arranged so that all would arrive for a punch lunch around 3:00 p.m. regardless of a wrong interpretation of the riddle. This sounds wretchedly complicated, but it avoids the serious concentration and scheduling of a time-clocked, point-to-point rally.

The cars are an Austin Healey Mk II 3000; an MGA; an MG Midget and an Austin Healey Sprite. During the outing the three cars that went off in wrong directions ended up—by their interpretation of the riddle—at: a detour dead-end, a state police station

After losing the MGA on the Staten Island Ferry, the other three cars arrive at Hawthorne Circle—to receive new directions, and get lost again. The Midget disappears in a deep, dark detour.

NORTH
SOUTH
NY
22
NY
22
EAST
NY
35

ROAD
CLOSED
DETOUR

and somewhere in the middle of New York lower bay on a Staten Island ferry.

Eventually, however, a thoroughly dusty and dry group of drivers and girls finally arrived at the Old Drover's Inn at Dover Plains, New York, a hundred miles from the Plaza, in time for host Ralph Taylor's Grand Prix Punch and a tableful of steak-and-kidney pie.

Speed and careful timing were no factors here—in fact, with the Austin Healey pounding down behind him the driver of the Sprite was the winner of the Grand Prix bedwarmer. The bedwarmer was inscribed to "the couple who throughout the year most nobly upheld Dude Magazine's ideals of sportsmanship."

If any of you sports car buffs stage a similar rally, don't forget to bring your own bedwarmer. After all, the trophy is only made of brass.

The Austin-Healey 3000 winds up in a Police Barracks, leaving only the Sprite to sprint onward to victory—and a special presentation of The Dude's "Bedwarmer."

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

(*continued from page 26*)

said. "Degrading. If Bertine were to see them she would surely be saddened."

"Surely," Miss Rosen conceded. "However, they weren't intended to be flattering."

"Miss Rosen, I'll have to insist that you destroy them."

"Perhaps, you'll change your mind, professor, after reading the letter."

The attached missive—block letters printed on unlined stationery—set the purchase price for the prints and corresponding negatives at five thousand dollars. Payment to be made in unmarked bills of small denomination. The unsigned note further specified that this sum was to be deposited at the aforementioned pebbled beach prior to noon on the following Friday.

"Five thousand dollars seems a trifle excessive," I said.

"That's only the beginning," Miss Rosen said. "Next week she gets a second package. Only then we up the ante to, say, fifty-thou."

"But we couldn't do that," I pointed out. "The note states, quite specifically, that the *total* price for *both* the prints and negatives would be five thousand dollars."

"One mustn't believe everything one reads," Miss Rosen said. "Honestly, professor, don't you ever watch teevee? Don't you know anything about blackmail?"

In truth, the word blackmail was not then part of my lexicon. I have lived my life in an unreal world, in civilizations that flourished from the beginning of time. I have passed days and weeks entombed in the dusty vaults beneath the great libraries of two hemispheres. I have cherished the companionship of Laotse and Mencius, men who perished in the foothills of time. I have learned to speak, with some fluency, the obscure dialects of now-dead languages. This was my first encounter with blackmail—the word and the concept.

"I hesitate to cause Bertine any hardship," I said. "Her inheritance—her not-inconsiderable inheritance—has made my life possible."

"You won't have to do anything," Miss Rosen said. "I took the pictures. I'll mail them. All you have to do is meet me on the beach early on Friday morning. All you have to do is pick up the money."

Unable to voice my assent, I merely nodded my head in silent agreement. In retrospect, it is difficult for me to explain my reasons for blackmailing my own wife. However, I now suspect that my reasons bordered on the biological. I must now admit I was more interested in Miss Rosen than in my wife's money.

Friday morning I arrived at the predetermined site shortly after the sun. Miss Rosen, her silken hair gathered together by a vivid green ribbon, met me in the woods overlooking the beach. She wore no jewelry, no cosmetics, no unneeded ornamentation. She carried her radio, her camera, her book, her government-issued blanket.

"I brought a blanket," she said. "The ground will still be wet."

I have no exact recollection of the following moments. I do not recall how it began nor why it happened. I only know that one moment I was spreading the blanket on the dew-dampened ground and the very next moment I was fumbling inexpertly with the elasticized straps supporting Miss Rosen's undergarments.

"Excuse me," I said.

"That's all right," she said.

I shall not burden the reader with a tiresome repetition of the details. The act itself, as any historian realizes, has remained basically unchanged since the dawn of life. And even the amateur biologist, the entomological hobbyist, knows that man is the only animal who has endeavored to improve upon nature. Each century, consequently, has discovered its own minor refinements, its own petty alterations. Miss Rosen had apparently assimilated all the knowledge of past centuries and added some not-unpleasing innovations of her own invention.

I sensed immediately that she was no novice. This realization, however, did in no whit detract from the importance of the act. Clearly, Miss Rosen might have selected a younger male, one better equipped to match her own youthful ardor. Her act of unnatural selection seemed to raise the episode above the physical level. It was—or then I so rationalized—a mating of the minds, a union of the souls.

Miss Rosen was a child carrying fresh-cut flowers to a mausoleum. She was an unseasonably warm Indian summer appearing in the late autumn of my life. She was a plump green bud, fairly bursting with life's juices, sprouting suddenly and unexpectedly on a petrified log.

So intent were we on the procreative act, we failed to take note of Bertine's arrival and departure. Upon arising from Miss Rosen's blanket, we saw evidence of my wife's silent visit. A canvas bag had been left in plain sight just inches above a hightide line composed of seaweed, driftwood, clam shells and overturned horseshoe crabs.

Scrambling down the embankment, I seized the bag and opened it. It was filled with shredded newspaper. My disappointment was immediately replaced by an understandably acute sense of guilt.

"Obediah!" Bertine stepped from her place of concealment. "You—you're the blackmailer?"

It was both an unanswerable question and an undeniable accusation. Bertine seemed suddenly old. Her face was wrinkled and seamed, a slept-in face. Quivering jowls marked by an occasional unplucked whisker. The semidiaphanous gray hosiery and high-ankle shoes one generally associates with age. I had no great delusions about my own physical appearance. However, it is a well-known biological fact that the aging process does the greatest damage to the female of the species.

"But why?" Bertine asked. "Why?"

"Because he loves me." Miss Rosen answered Bertine's question from the top of the slope.

"Is that true, Obediah?"

"Well—" I hedged.

"Then you better kill me," Bertine said. "You better murder me right now. Otherwise I shall be forced to turn you over to the police. Both of you."

"Kill her," Miss Rosen said.

"I couldn't do that," I said.

"If you love me you will," Miss Rosen called down. "It's the only way."

"She's right," Bertine said. "It's your only hope."

It seems that I took no part in the actual decision. The two females were in total agreement. Bertine offered neither resistance nor comment as I led her down to the water. Nor did she struggle as I held her head beneath the surface until the air bubbles ceased to rise. Then, directing her partially submerged body toward the distant Connecticut shoreline, I

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N. B.: FUSTEST WITH THE MOSTEST! ONE CAMPUS REP PER CAMPUS. END OF NOTE! **P. R.**

dispassionately launched Bertine into the outgoing tide.

I joined Miss Rosen above the beach, and she greeted me with an embrace and a letter-perfect quotation from *The Book of Tao.*

> *Life is but as the form of*
> *a white horse dashing across*
> *a rock crevice.*

"'In a moment it is gone.'" I completed the passage.

As Miss Rosen gathered together her blanket and her mechanical toys, I leaned back against the elderly elm. And there, less than a foot from the site of my earlier discovery, I discovered a second spider. Another black widow. The non-poisonous male of the species. Assuming that he must be Arachne's mate, I plucked him unceremoniously from his web and pocketed him. It was a sentimental gesture, of course. A romantic act of the type I seldom undertake. However, it had been a morning of romantic acts.

After carrying Arachne's mate to her insectarium, I reported Bertine's mysterious disappearance to the local constabulary. However, three days were to pass before Bertine's waterlogged body was discovered in a small inlet beside the town of Darien. The newspaper account reported that Bertine's discoverer, a surf-caster, had initially identified the object as a dead whale.

At the coroner's inquest it was firmly established that my wife's body carried no bruises or other markings to indicate violence. The official certificate attributed the death to natural causes. Specifically, to the intake of a toxic quantity of water.

Bertine's last will and testament, read at a hushed family conclave, distributed a lengthy list of domestic animals among the other surviving relatives. The bulk of the estate—the house, the grounds, securities valued slightly in excess of three million dollars—was left to her beloved husband in order that he might continue his scholarly pursuits.

However, I found it impossible to return to those scholarly pursuits. Miss Rosen had wisely suggested that we refrain from seeing each other until an appropriate interval of time had elapsed. However, I hungered for her. I literally hungered for her. I opened my Laotse translation just once, and then to read the following appropriate passage.

> *And so all these people follow their routine year in, year out, submerged in their own affairs, and cannot get out. They let their bodily desires run away with them and get tangled up in the thousand and one affairs until they die. Alas!*

I had entered Miss Rosen's world uncertainly, even innocently, a bewildered stranger from a backward but strangely tranquil civilization. And there was no returning. No escape. I glanced at the world's lurid novels and cast them aside, the blood pounding against the interior of my skull. I sat before the television set, my senses numbed through indecent exposure to the scheming and the violence and the ugliness of this modern world.

In desperation I retreated to my study, to my beloved insects. My eyes were opened by the elaborate courtship ritual of the black widow spider.

The male—small, plump, unsure of his footing—stumbled eagerly toward Arachne. A flurry of uncoordinated motion, he hopped courageously from one web to the other. Arachne, motionless, studied this blundering intruder with chilling indifference.

Arachne then made a single trembling motion, an invitation so slight as to almost escape notice. Contracting her abdomen, she jetted out two shivering spinnerets. Her suitor accepted the open invitation with alacrity. However, less than an instant later, Arachne sent him spinning, rolling him captive within a transparent blanket of fine silk.

Arachne's male caller, bewildered, was helpless. He seemed to tremble as Arachne opened her jaw-like chelicera and forced out the tongue that had been lying in a concealed groove. She drove this spike into the male spider's unprotected head.

"No more," I cried aloud. "Please, Arachne, no more."

She heeded not my pleas. She continued her assault on the male, now lying dead in his silken funeral robe. She coated his entire body with liquid enzymes, disintegrating his softer parts. The insectivorous insect then predigested the male's head into liquid pulp and calmly sucked the cranial fluid through a straw-like appendage.

I knew then that I should have to destroy Arachne.

After completing this document I shall return to her. I'll permit her to spray her webbing over my ring finger. Then, a small sting, no sharper than a pin prick. A welt, shaped and colored like a lipstick smear. A numbing in the arm, a pain creeping from my spinal chord toward my brain. And, before dying, I shall crush Arachne within my fist.

This suicide note—somewhat wordy and increasingly incoherent—will undoubtedly implicate Miss Rosen in the crimes of blackmail and murder. It is my understanding that the latter crime is punishable, in this state, by electrocution.

To support my claims, I enclose a series of extremely candid photographs, all taken by Miss Rosen. The first twenty-three pictures, described earlier, will reveal my wife in the arms of an unknown male.

The final photograph, the twenty-fourth, arrived in this morning's mail The attached note informs me that it may be purchased for approximately half of my recent inheritance. This photograph, taken immediately after I offered my love to Miss Rosen, shows the narrator in the act of drowning his wife.

GYPSY

Is she or isn't she . . . a Gypsy princess? Only her tea-leaf reader knows for sure. But Rosa Sylvia Teiros (pronounced tea-rose) claims that she was born a princess in a Central European Gypsy tribe, and it would be rude—and perhaps asking for supernatural retribution—to doubt her.

There has been enough wandering in her history to fill the lives of a half-dozen Gypsies, much less her own twenty-two years. Her tribe scattered by war, she was brought here at the age of six by an Americanized uncle and aunt, and became a thoroughly Yankee-fied Tomboy herself. No more dancing, fortune-telling and fiddling. For a long time it was all biking, climbing, and ball-playing.

But that phase, too, is passed, and Rosa Sylvia has turned, these days, to activities more appropriate

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BURT OWEN

to her sex and heritage. During her first six years she picked up the rudiments of eight Central European languages, and she has built upon this foundation to such good effect that she now works as a translator for the United Nations.

Were you expecting her to grow up to be a stripteuse?

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COMEDY'S COMMON MARKET

(*continued from page* 23)

your script to the official censors?"

Rocca: "Two weeks."

Straight Man. "But I thought it was to be only one week."

Rocca: "Oh, no my friend, that was under the Nazis."

Guilty of no high regard for France's position ("so much hot air") in the Cold War, the *chansonniers* poke fun at The Bomb as well: "This country-fair bomb made a big hole not in the ground but in the budget."

Whenever they tire of politics, the *chansonniers* turn to that other favorite subject of Frenchmen, Brigitte Bardot. Reflecting on Bardot's attempt at self-extermination, a wry wit cracked: "She must have used an electric razor." Another Bardot skit has the famous French filly introducing her new *amour, de Gaulle,* to a rotund little man who looks amazingly like everyone's Uncle Nikita, while *Maria Callas* sings off-color ditties. Just as one *chanson* explained it, they are "against—against everything and anything."

In Austria, that beautiful, languid country of gaiety and *gemutlichkeit,* a one-man act combines all the artistry of Tisot and the savagery of the *chansonniers*. "Herr Karl," alias Helmut Qualtinger, is an actor who has made his mordant satirical views on the average Austrian a matter of national controversy. "Herr Karl" is a slothful, greedy, lustful, cheating, traitorous—in fact, completely *rotten*—character who is either a hero (for exposing such vices) or a villain (for exposing such vices) to the rest of Austria. According to an Austrian diplomat who confided in a visiting journalist, "Unfortunately 'Herr Karl' is true, too true. We all know him. But don't be too hard on little Austria when you mention it. Recognize that at least we can look at 'Herr Karl' and laugh. That's something, isn't it?" Then, apparently not sure himself, he added, "At least I think it is."

What makes "Herr Karl" the Sammy Glick of the Vienna set? He is an absolute swine. He gave up Socialism because "it's no profession." He supported the reactionaries because they gave him five schillings each time he demonstrated with them. Likewise, the Nazis. When Hitler entered Austria, "Herr Karl" was up front—in the cheering section: ". . . you could really feel Hitler's greatness. I mean, he wasn't a big man. I stood right in front of him. He looked at me with his blue eyes . . . he said, *'Ja, Ja.' . . . We understood* each other perfectly." During the war, when as an air-raid warden he robbed bombed-out houses, "Herr Karl" knew how to handle those who objected to his scavenger ways: "And if they did mind, I looked at them the way the Fuehrer taught me. I don't have his blue eyes, but still I can give that look." Finally, when the Russians arrived, he greeted them with servility, as he did the Americans: "Hallo sir, okay?"

Although "Herr Karl" betrayed wives and mistresses with like brutality, he does remember with some fondness the "right pretty" wife he had during the war: "But one day I came home and found her washing her hands with my shaving soap. Good shaving soap was precious in the war, you know; you had to be somebody to get it. And there she was, using my soap, to wash her dirty hands. So I strangled her."

That "Herr Karl" is something extraordinary and yet something close to the common denominator can be evidenced by the crowds which flock to the *Kleines Theater* or other theaters whenever "Herr Karl" is the attraction. His LP kept record shops gasping with the attempt to keep up with the demand for it. Even today, when Qualtinger is appearing on German TV and in nightclubs in Munich and Cologne, his fictional character casts a long shadow over Austria. To those who maintain that he has shocked them out of their complacency, thereby forcing a more honest appraisal of their lives, "Herr Karl" remains a positive force. For the others, he is at best a vicious nuisance or—at worst—"a disgrace to his mother" or, more on the metaphorical side, "like a bird that fouls its own nest."

If "Herr Karl" doesn't have as devastating an effect on the Germans as he has had on Austrians, it won't be due to a complete lack of similar efforts in West Germany in recent months. A cabaret troupe based in Dusseldorf, *Das Kom(m)oedchen,* has garnered a well-deserved reputation for making the Swiss and Dutch, as well as the Germans, laugh at themselves. A typical skit relates

the fairy tale of Berolina, a little girl who represents Berlin. Once upon a time, Berolina was imprisoned by her bad uncle (Uncle K.). She might have been lost to us forever if a gallant knight hadn't shown up. Who is Gallant Knight? Yup, you guessed it. It's Berolina's good uncle from the Lone Star state, Uncle Lyndon Johnson, complete with ten-gallon hat.

Behind that notorious Berolina Wall and the proverbial Iron Curtain as well, there's been a considerable relaxation in the official attitude toward political satire. Earlier this year, the Communist regime in Budapest permitted a four-and-a-half-hour "live" television revue which ridiculed many of the major failings in Hungarian life. In one skit, a professor asks a student what he has learned from the *Voice of America* broadcasts. The student answers in a series of loud screeches and yowls, indicating that jamming is damning all outside points of view to a symphony of radio static. In another telling sketch, a radio reporter interviews a peasant on a collective farm:

Reporter: "What is your daily schedule?"

Peasant: "I read the papers and magazines, read old and new books, listen to the radio, watch television and play phonograph records."

Reporter: "Where does work fit into your daily schedule?"

Peasant: "Work? What is that? They tell us it is all done with machinery now."

Reporter: "But what about the small private plot of land you are permitted to own on this collective?"

Peasant: "That is different. My family is out there working itself to death."

In Mother Russia herself, the political joke has come up from underground and can even be heard on Soviet television now. Last March 9, which was International Women's Day in the USSR, Premier Khrushchev and other members of the elite proved a highly responsive audience to the spoofing of Soviet agriculture provided by the comedy team of Rudakov and Barikov, a very funny twosome if you are *simpatico* with the problems of Soviet agriculture. A favorite gag, according to the Premier's laugh meter, was the comedy team's idea of the ideal gift to bring a relative working on a much-heralded collective farm—something good to eat.

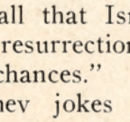
Away from the farm belt, the humor gets sharper and more topical. Among the choice political jokes which have been making the rounds among the fast crowd in Moscow is the one involving a bicycle race called to settle the East-West rivalry. The race is held and the next day, *Pravda* reports: "A world championship race took place yesterday between the President of the United States, John Kennedy, and the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union, Nikita Khrushchev. The President of the United States came in next to last."

If such a joke wasn't permissible during Stalin's time, this one would have been unthinkable but a few years ago: The Party Presidium decides to hold a worldwide auction to get rid permanently of Stalin's body. Israel wins, and the arrangements are made. However, at the last minut, Khrushchev changes his mind. He is reminded that Russia always honors her obligations, but he is adamant. Finally he explains, "I know I'm not an educated man, but I seem to recall that Israel has a reputation for resurrection. It's better not to take chances."

If Khrushchev jokes are being traded with increasing frankness, so is the series of stories based on a mythical character named Rabinovitch. One variation: Rabinovitch and Abramovitch are strolling through the streets of Warsaw in the year 1999. "Remember the good old days when we were young and spoke Russian?" Rabinovitch asks sadly—in Chinese.

In another adventure of Rabinovitch's, he leaves Russia for a trip, sending his friends a series of postcards as he proceeds from city to city. From Warsaw comes this card: "Greetings from free Warsaw." Postmarked Prague, another: "Greetings from free Prague." Then from Budapest, a third: "Greetings from free Budapest." After a wait of several weeks' duration, there is another card from the rambling Rabinovitch. It is from Paris, and it says: "Greetings from free Rabinovitch."

And so, in the hands of Rabinovitch, the freedom to satirize The Establishment—albeit a recent freedom—is in rather good hands. After all, it managed to drive Rabinovitch right out of Russia.



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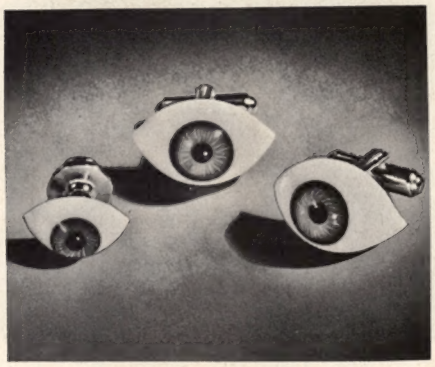

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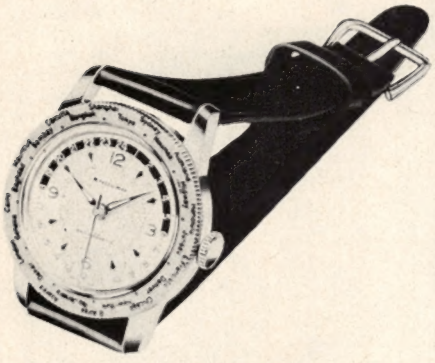

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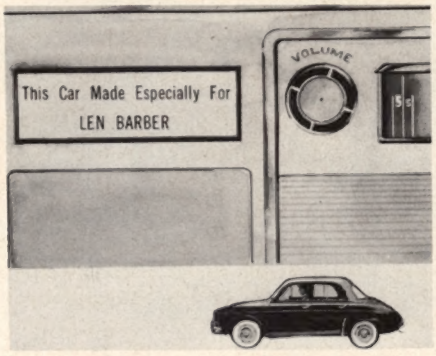

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